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THE MYSTERY OF FLOWERS.

Not idly do I stray
At prime, where far the mountain ridges run,
And note, along my way,
Each flower that opens in the early sun
Or gather blossoms by the valley's sprin
When the sun sets and dancing insects sing.

Each has his moral rede,
Each of the gentle family of flowers:
And I, with patient heed,
Oft spell the lessons in my graver hours,
The faintest streak that on a petal lies
May speak instruction to initiate eyes.

And well do poets teach
Each blossom's charming mystery: declare,
In clear, melodious speech,
The silent admonitions penciled there.
And from the Love of Beauty, aptly taught,
Lead to a higher good through welling thought.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

KNOWING these two young ladies, I must always believe in the theory of gifts and characteristics being inherited," Lord Cradoc said.

"They both belong by birth to the Cradoc family, but the relationship is very distant: nevertheless one, Miss Erlecote, resembles my eldest son in feature, in complexion, and in voice, while Miss Ryeford, who has not the least physical resemblance to the Cradocs, has the spirit of the race. She has the same ideas, tastes, and thoughts as my son Bertie had. I call that a curious coincidence."

"It is curious," agreed Colonel Tench; and Mr. Rigby, who had listened with keen attention, felt that this made matters more complicated.

No stranger present save Mr. Rigby, had any idea of the ordeal that was going on.

It was even doubtful whether the general public knew anything regarding the succession to the Cradoc title and estates.

Friends and neighbors thought that the Earl, finding his house dull, miserable without any young people in it, had sought out these distant relatives in order that he might have some society; but no one dreamed that they had been invited to Poole with a view to the selection of an heiress to the estate.

"The girls themselves never imagined such a thing, nor did it occur at first even to Lady Ryeford, one of the shrewdest women in the world when her own interests were concerned.

The two girls liked each other at first sight with a strong, hearty, honest liking that was afterwards to grow into a devoted affection.

They had spoken few words at their first introduction; but, now that the ladies found themselves alone in the drawing-room, Daphne and Irene seated themselves on a settee side by side.

Lady Marcia and her guest had taken a comfortable lounge on either side of the fire, Lady Marcia talking about the boys she had loved so well, and telling again for the hundredth time the story of her dream.

"It was a strange dream," Lady Ryeford admitted.

The shock must have been a terrible one to the Earl," she continued.

"Now that I know what a loving heart he has, I can imagine what such a grief would be for him."

Then she saw Lady Marcia's eyes wander to the two beautiful heads at the other end of the room; and there was something in her gaze, in her expression that puzzled Lady Ryeford.

"Lady Marcia, who is Mr. Rigby?" she asked abruptly. "He is very intelligent, very well informed; I like him very much—who is he?"

"Do you not know?" questioned Lady Marcia, looking up in wonder. "I thought everybody knew who Mr. Rigby is. He is the family solicitor, one of the shrewdest, astutest lawyers in England, I have heard my brother-in-law say. The Rigbys have managed the Cradoc estates for many years."

"He lives near here then?" said Lady Ryeford.

"He lives at Abbey Dale," replied Lady Marcia.

"That is not more than five miles from here."

"He comes here often, I should imagine?" said Lady Ryeford.

"No, not very often.

"Lord Cradoc goes over to Abbey Dale almost every day.

"He generally goes to the office when there are any business matters that require attention."

"He dines here often perhaps?" persisted Lady Ryeford.

"No, not often," replied Lady Marcia, with a little gentle wonder at her guest's pertinacity.

An idea had occurred to Lady Ryeford, and she could not lose sight of it.

Why was the family lawyer here to-night?

Why was he invited to meet them?

It was not a usual thing at all to invite the family solicitor to meet distant relatives.

There must have been a motive for asking him, and this motive she must find out. She plied Lady Marcia so industriously with questions that she had soon heard the whole history of the Rigby family. Still she had not learnt why he was here to-night. One more question would probably enlighten her.

"The Earl is very much attached to Mr. Rigby, I suppose, Lady Marcia?"

And simple Lady Marcia Hyde answered ingenuously—

"I am not quite sure. I should say that it is hardly so much a question of personal regard as that he places the greatest reliance upon Mr. Rigby's sound clear judgment."

"Then evidently," was Lady Ryeford's mental comment, "the lawyer's sound clear judgment is wanted to-night. Is it with respect to ourselves?"

She felt quite sure now that there was a hidden reason for their invitation to Poole. At first it had not seemed in any way strange to her; nor would she have suspected anything now but for the presence of the lawyer.

"I must be civil to him," she thought; "and perhaps, if we become very friendly, I may unravel the mystery."

And to this very resolution she strictly adhered.

Colonel Tench found himself deserted during the remainder of the evening; Lady Ryeford devoted herself to Mr. Rigby.

* * * * * *

The two who looked most happy during this first evening at Poole were in whom the interest centred, Daphne and Irene.

Anxious to know each other, and perhaps equally anxious to be away from their seniors, resolutely determined on a gossip, they eyed each other, first shyly, then kindly and with more confidence. Both were exquisitely dressed; but Irene's toilette of rich silk and black lace was perhaps the more elegant, for it had had the advantage of Lady Ryeford's supervision.

The girl wore no ornaments; it seemed as though jewelry would have been out of keeping with her noble simplicity.

Daphne wore a dress of black lace, through which her arms and shoulders gleamed like marble.

Daphne looked earnestly at her companion.

"How I should like my father to see you!" she said.

"You would be so surprised at him. He would gaze at you for a quarter of an hour together."

"Why should he do that?" asked Irene laughing. Daphne laughed also.

"He would never talk about you as a living being at all," she replied.

"He regards people only as pictures; and I really think he likes them better on canvas than in life.

If he sees a repulsive-looking vagrant who would frighten an ordinary person, his first thought is, 'What a picture that man would make!'

"If he sees a pretty girl, I know directly that he is thinking of how she would look on canvas.

"I am his only child," she continued, with a happy little laugh; "but I know he thinks of me, with my yellow hair and blue eyes, as he would of a picture."

"Your hair is golden," interrupted Irene, "such as the old masters loved to paint."

"I know you will forgive me," continued Daphne, "but while I was looking at you during dinner I was thinking how my father would delight in you.

"You have the one beautiful line, from the chin to the neck about which he raves. It is a curious thing to see a man's whole soul so engrossed. He is absolutely immersed in art—he thinks and dreams of nothing else."

"I should think it must be a noble life," said Irene.

Then, as the subject seemed to interest her, Daphne told all the story of her home-life, of the idea for which her father lived, and how everything in the world was sacrificed for the Erlecote Gallery by which he proposed to instruct the people.

"It is a strange thing," said Irene. "I can understand a man leaving all his money to found churches and build hospitals. That is a matter of religion; but art is not."

"My father, I believe, thinks it is," remarked Daphne half sadly.

"Once, when I was quite a little girl, he was very angry with me because I said that he would not like heaven unless it were hung round with pictures."

"You were a very naughty little girl," said Irene, laughing, "to say anything of the kind."

"I acknowledge that now," she replied. "But, after all, there was a *soupçon* of truth in it.

"To my childish mind it seemed that the realization of that which we loved best was heaven.

"The heaven I thought of for myself was a garden of lovely flowers—nothing but flowers.

"I used to fancy angels' faces in the roses and the lilies.

"What do you love best?"

"Music," was Irene's prompt reply.

Daphne looked delighted.

"Then your ideal of heaven," she said, "would be more beautiful, better than papa's or mine. You look as though you love music."

"But tell me more about your home," requested Irene.

And Daphne told her of the old Manor House, with its noble trees and old-fashioned garden, of the doves, the old sun-dial, and the moss-covered fountain.

"Everything," she said, "at the Manor House is old except myself. Marjory, our old servant, often says I look out of place in it."

"I should think you brighten it," remarked Irene, looking with admiration at the sweet face.

"I love it," said Daphne. "I do not think there is a nook in the whole place that I do not know and love."

"How different your life has been from mine!" said Irene.

"You have lived in the country, in the midst of fresh air and flowers, without society or friends, while I have passed my days in a stifling atmosphere of form and ceremony ever since I can remember. My earliest dreams are not like yours, of flowers and trees or even of pictures, but of learning how to enter a drawing-room, to speak, properly, to say the right thing to the right person.

"What different lives—the one all natural the other all artificial!"

"Art must help nature," commented Daphne.

"That reminds me of your father's idea," said Irene.

"If he really wants to teach people, why does he not teach them religion instead of art?"

"I cannot tell.

"Perhaps he thinks that the one will raise them to the other."

"It is from nature one looks to nature's God," quoted Irene.

"True.

"But I should think that the love of everything noble and beautiful helps on towards true religion.

"I feel sure that, in their way, good pictures do."

"Yes.

"But that is not father's view, is it?" asked Irene.

"He merely wishes to teach people to love and appreciate pictures, does he not? Ah, life is a puzzle!"

She sighed.

"Do you find it so?" asked Daphne, fixing her blue eyes on her with a smile. "I have not yet.

"I should like occasionally some other topic of interest beside paintings; but I do not find life all trouble."

"You are on the threshold," said Irene, with a smile.

"And you?" interrogated Daphne.

"I?" replied Irene, with a sigh. "I have passed the mysterious threshold, the wonderful portal of the unknown land."

And she wondered whether Daphne dreamed that the name of the portal was "Love."

"And what," asked Irene, after a pause, "has brought you here?"

"That puzzles me," replied Daphne, with a gay little laugh.

"When I found myself at that magnificent dining-table and contrasted it with home, I said to myself, 'What has brought me here?'"

"What is it?" pursued Irene.

"The Earl's invitation," replied Daphne promptly.

"You know that my mother, like your own was related to the Earl's father. I do not know what the relationship is; but it is remote enough, I believe.

"My mother, whose maiden name was Annabel Hyde, did speak of him to me when I was a child.

"After her death I never even heard his name, for to my father nothing in the world was ever of so much importance as a box of colors."

"How different from us!" thought Irene.

"I was never more surprised," continued Daphne, "than when the Earl came. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw his name on his card."

"What did he come for?" asked Irene quickly.

"He was in the neighborhood on business—so he said—and was obliged to remain for some time at Northfield; so, being near he came to see us.

"He seemed very solitary and desolate, and was always talking to me about his sons; and gradually, I think, visiting us became a comfort to him.

"He invited my father to Poole; but he is busy on a large landscape, and nothing would induce him to leave it. Then the Earl invited me; and I was very pleased to come, especially as he told me I should meet you here."

"That is exactly how he came to us," said Irene.

"Mamma stands in just the same relationship to him that your mother did. We knew nothing of him until he lost his two sons: then, being in town, he called on mamma.

"How he loved those boys of his!"

"Indeed he did," said Daphne musingly.

"He will be sure to love you best' remarked Irene, "for they say that you are very much like one of his sons. I heard him tell Lady Marcia that you had 'the very trick of Alaric's smile.'"

"I hope he will like us both equally well," said Daphne.

"I think it is very kind of him to ask us here, and I think that he may make us very happy—at least I speak for myself. You have everything in the world that you want, I suppose?"

"Ah, no!" cried Irene.

"We are not rich."

"Rich!" repeated Daphne. "I do not value riches when I see how happy people can be without them.

"If any one offered all the treasures of the East to my father, he would not appreciate them."

"Your father is an exception to the general rule," said Irene.

"And I am another," laughed Daphne. "I like the beautiful things that money buys, but I should not care to have too much of it."

Then both girls were silent, for the gentlemen had just entered the room, and the Earl was coming towards them.

CHAPTER IX.

LORD CRADOC was pleased to see how perfectly Daphne and Irene were at home with each other.

It struck him, as he crossed the room, that he had never seen a more charming picture than these two young girls seated together.

He smiled and bowed to Irene, and then bent over Daphne as he said—

"Will you grant me a favor?"

"Not one," replied Daphne, "but twenty, if you wish it."

"Will you come to the picture-gallery with us?

"Colonel Tench is struck with your likeness to my son Alaric, and I want to see if it is as striking as he thinks."

"Certainly I will come," said Daphne.

He held out one arm, first to her, and then one to Miss Ryeford.

"I know the picture will interest you," he said.

"Will you come also?"

Lady Ryeford, seeing that something was on the *tapis*, looked inquiringly at Mr. Rigby.

"They are going to the picture-gallery," he said.

"Would you like to see it?"

"It will be chilly," she replied, with a pretty affectation of a shudder. "It is so everywhere in October."

"You will find the picture-gallery as well warmed as the drawing-room," said the lawyer.

"Why are they going?" she asked.

"It is a fancy of the Earl's," he replied. "Colonel Tench is very much struck with the likeness he sees between Miss Erlecote and the Earl's elder son. He says that it is remarkable, and the Earl wishes to see if it is so."

Lady Ryeford looked dissatisfied. If her own daughter had been concerned, she would have been interested; but what did she care for Daphne?

"What a curious thing!" she said.

"Well, I am very glad," Mr. Rigby continued, "for the Earl has never looked at those pictures since the boys died. It will do him good, will dispel the morbid dread he has had of going near the gallery."

"Do you think there is anything in it?" asked Lady Ryeford.

"Yes.

"I knew Lord Hyde well, and there is certainly a great likeness."

An expression of aversion passed over the handsome face.

"I should think it will make Lord Cradoc very fond of Miss Erlecote," she said suavely.

"Just so," he cried eagerly, then stopped. He was thinking that this fact must surely bias the Earl.

"Shall we go?"—and, with a low bow, he offered his arm.

"It will give me great pleasure," she said as she reflected on the need for amiability. "I should like to see what these dear boys of the Earl's were like."

Greatly was she impressed as she passed through the brilliant suites of rooms. She had expected to find luxury at Poole, but scarcely such magnificence.

"This is a very large house," she said to Mr. Rigby.

"I consider it one of the finest in England," was the brief reply.

Then they reached the broad staircase, and the lawyer told her how it was built of marble brought from Carrara, and that there was no other like it in the land. The picture-gallery, which ran the whole length of the western wing, presented a striking aspect, for it was brilliantly lighted.

The Earl looked pale and sad as he passed down the gallery between the two beautiful girls, one of whom would at some future day call this gallery her own.

And then in silence they stood before the two paintings, all that was left to the Earl of his two sons.

"My two sons," said the Earl sadly; and no one ventured a word in answer.

To Irene came Mrs. Browning's touching and mournful words—

"Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead, both my boys?"

"Ah, both dead," sighed the Earl, as he looked at them—"both dead! Would that Heaven had left me one!"

No one answered a word, though every heart there ached for him.

Then they conversed in subdued tones for a few minutes to give him time to recover himself, scanning the pictures earnestly meanwhile.

There was Alaric, Lord Hyde, with fair clustering hair, a frank open face, laughing blue eyes, and a mouth sweet and sensitive as a woman's—a gallant handsome youth."

"What a glorious face," cried the Earl in his anguish, "to be hidden for ever from the light of the sun!"

"It shines fair amongst the angels of Heaven," whispered Daphne.

And then in kindness to him, for his grief was hard to witness, they began to discuss the subject that had brought them there.

Lady Marcia stood at some little distance, her face wet with tears.

The pictured faces of the boys had moved her strangely.

"Now," said the Colonel cheerily, "I appeal to every one present. Is there not a great likeness between the pictured face here and Miss Erlecote's?"

It was so palpable that no one could deny it.

The curves of the lips, the oval countenance, the delicate brows, and the blue eyes were exactly the same.

Colonel Tench could only repeat that "they might have been brother and sister." Lady Ryeford alone could not quite see the resemblance: but her blindness was to be accounted for.

It was then, while Daphne's beautiful face, slightly flushed, was raised to the picture, that Irene's nobility of character shone out.

It would only have been natural had she felt some little jealousy; but, on the contrary, no one was more interested and pleased than herself.

"I should not have thought the likeness so great unless I had seen it thus," said the Earl.

"While you live, Daphne, my son will never be dead to me."

She bent her golden head, and whispered to him that, though she was young and happy, and life was very dear to her, yet, if it were possible, she would gladly go down to the depths of the sea if his son could come back to him.

And for those words the Earl felt that he loved Daphne with all his heart.

Who could be so worthy to take his son's place as a girl who would have given her life to bring him back?

More than one present noticed the expression on Lord Cradoc's face; and Mr. Rigby assured himself that this was the future Countess—this, and no other.

Then, leaving the bright beautiful face of the heir, Alaric, Lord Hyde, they stood before the picture of Bertie, the Earl's second son.

It was a face quite as handsome, but little darker.

The hair was brown, the eyes were of a deeper blue, the face was a trifle harder; the eyes did not laugh so sunnily, but were full of intelligence and earnestness.

As the two girls by accident stood together, Daphne said—

"I like this face the best; it is the nobler of the two."

Irene looked long at it.

"To me," she said, "the eyes are as those of a living soul.

"How they meet one's glance and seem to follow it!

"I do not prefer this; but it has a certain charm.

"Alaric's eyes have an air of candor and one seems to see the soul shining through them; but these eyes hold a secret, Daphne. "I am sure of it. See now how they flash into mine!"

But Daphne drew back scared and very pale.

"I have dreamed of a face like that," she said.

"It seems quite familiar to me."

Then she went back to the Earl, and passed her hand through his arm. She was not easily frightened; but there was something weird and mysterious in what had just taken place.

"I think," she told herself, "that it has unnerved me.

"It gives one an unpleasant sensation to be told that one is a living image of a dead man."

CHAPTER X.

"I AM glad," said Lord Cradoc, "that I have paid this visit to the picture-gallery.

"I shall come often in future. I hope I am not growing a fanciful old man; but it seems to me now that I shall be able to come and talk to my boys. I—I wonder if they would hear me?"

"Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?"

quoted Irene softly.

"That is a pretty idea, Irene," said Lord Cradoc.

"It is only one of many such," she replied, "embodied in the same song. I will sing it to you, if you wish."

And Lady Ryeford felt certain that, if Daphne had acquired a place in the Earl's heart through her likeness to his son, Irene would acquire one by the magic and beauty of her voice.

They went back to the drawing-room; and Lady Ryeford was well pleased to return to her comfortable lounge by the fire.

The little excursion had not been quite to her taste.

Lady Marcia and Mr. Rigby were both struck by the attention the Earl paid to Daphne.

He could not take his eyes from her face; he was tracing the features of his dead son there.

He sat by her side, and talked to her; he watched the dainty curves of her lips, the light in her eyes, the shadows on her hair his heart crying aloud, "My son, my son!" More than once Mr. Rigby, watching Daphne, told himself, "Her face and hair will win a coronet for her."

Lady Ryeford bore the trial as long as she could, and then she went to Lady Marcia.

"That visit to the picture-gallery has made us all feel dull," she said. "Shall we have a little music? My daughter sings tolerably well."

She spoke in moderate terms of the beautiful voice which she knew would take them all by storm.

Irene rose; and, when Lady Marcia asked her to sing, she crossed the room to where the Earl sat engrossed with Daphne.

"If you would like me to sing that song for you," she said, "I shall be most happy to do so; I think it will please you."

"'Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?'"

repeated the Earl.

"Yes, I should like to hear the rest of the song."

She crossed over to the piano, a fine instrument standing at one end of the drawing-room, Sir Arthur following her.

"May I turn over the music for you?" he said.

But Irene laughed.

"Thanks," she replied; "I seldom use any music;" and she struck the opening chords.

At the first sound of Irene's superb voice the listeners ceased conversing.

As the sweet voice died away in a note that was like a long-drawn sigh, the Earl rose and approached Irene.

"Thank you, my dear," he said simply, raising her white hands to his lips; "your song has gladdened my heart.

"I almost forget at times that I too shall see my boys when the sea gives up all its dead.

"I must wait patiently until then. They are only at rest, after all, my brave lads—at rest beneath the waves; and perhaps they sleep as well there as they would have slept beneath the turf. Thank you, my dear."

"I am so glad to be able to give you pleasure," said Irene gently. "Whenever you would like me to sing, please say so. There are times when one feels greatly depressed, and then nothing cheers the heart like music."

"I shall begin to grow almost happy again," remarked the Earl tremulously, "blessed by the sight of Daphne's face and the music of your voice."

Then the little party broke up.

That night no one could say which of the two girls had been the more admired or had succeeded best.

It seemed that the Earl's heart was equally divided between them: he had given no sign of preference, but seemed devoted to both.

"We have not made much progress, Lady Marcia," said Mr. Rigby, as he bade the mistress of the mansion good night.

"Did you ever see anything more extraordinary?" she asked. "My brother-in-law likes them equally, I am sure. And have you ever seen two girls more uniformly bewitching?"

"Never," was the emphatic reply.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful. Daphne rose early eager to be out amongst the flowers.

She was soon busied with hollyhocks and sunflowers, happier in the midst of the profusion than she had ever been in her life before.

She made friends with the head-gardener who was delighted to have some one to whom he could speak of his treasures.

"His lordship used to be very fond of flowers," he said; "but he has hardly looked at one this summer."

Daphne only too well knew why.

As she passed round by the terrace, catching sight of Irene under the cedars, with a book in her hand, she hastened to her.

Very sweet and rosy looked the young faces in the fresh morning air.

"Reading so early!" cried Daphne.

"Why, you do not want a book; all around you is a living poem!"

"Poetry has a fascination for me which I can never resist," Irene said, laughing. "What a lovely place this is, is it not? I think we shall be very happy here."

"I am sure of it," answered Daphne.

"By-the-way, I do not think that we need be on such formal terms. We are related, although so distantly; why should we not be 'Daphne' and 'Irene' to each other?"

"I shall be delighted," said Irene.

"I think," continued impulsive Daphne, "that the Earl is very fond of us. What a pity it is that we were not born boys!"

"Ah, but he would not like us so well then!

"It would seem as though we were taking the place of his sons, which, as girls we can never do."

And they glanced half shyly at each other.

Some vague idea was floating in both their minds which they could not put into words.

Lord Cradoc thought the best thing to be done on that first day was to make his guests familiar with the large house and grounds.

The greater part of it was spent in going over them.

It was pitiful to see how carefully all traces of the boys had been preserved.

In the old schoolroom, which had been set aside for their use, were the bats and balls, bows and arrows, fishing-rods, boxing-gloves, everything they had used in their sports—all untouched, just as they had left them.

In the bed-rooms nothing had been disturbed.

Alaric had left a note-book on the table—it lay there still; a pair of Bertie's gloves were lying just as he had left them.

Their favorite books and traces of their favorite occupations were to be seen everywhere.

It was the same out of doors.

The croquet-lawn that had been made to please them.

The portion of the garden called "Bertie's ground," because he had begged it to try his skill upon.

The trees they had planted on their birthdays.

The trees had climbed in search of birds' nests.

The lake where Alaric, long years before, had been so nearly drowned, and Bertie had saved him—everything spoke of the boys.

Every spot seemed to have a history connected with them—their presence seemed still to pervade the whole place.

The Earl was pleased to see how friendly and affectionate the girls already were; they went everywhere with him, listened eagerly to all he had to say, sympathized tenderly with him, cheered him with their bright faces and glad young voices, while Lady Ryeford spent her time with Lady Marcia.

"I cannot run about like the girls," she had said smiling.

"If you are willing, Lady Marcia, I will sit with you; and you will take me over the house some day."

Lady Ryeford was anxious to get below the surface of matters, and she knew that the Earl would speak cautiously before the girls.

Even in her luxurious room Lady Ryeford had not slept well, for she was consumed by a very fever of burning curiosity to know who would succeed to this magnificent property now that the Earl's sons were dead.

Her heart beat so fast when the thought first occurred to her that she could not collect her ideas.

No heir was spoken of, no name was mentioned, either by the Earl or Lady Marcia.

It seemed strange that the heir should not be present, or, at any rate, mentioned by name.

Suddenly there flashed into her brain how she had heard that there was a peculiarity about the law of succession in the Cradoc family.

She remembered that in the direct line a girl could succeed when there was no son, but the husband she married must assume the name and arms of Cradoc.

She hardly dared admit the idea even to herself.

Was it possible that it was with this end in view that the Earl had brought them all together, had sought out his nearest of kin, invited them to his home? Was it possible that his choice lay between these two girls?

The idea seemed to set her very brain on fire.

"I, who think of everything," she said—"why did I not think of that? I could have drilled Irene."

She comforted herself however by reflecting that Irene never would be drilled, and that perhaps matters were best as they were.

* * * * * * *

Lady Marcia and Daphne had grown warmly attached to each other.

"Irene has her mother," Lady Marcia had said; "I must be a mother to you, and then matters will be on an equal footing."

She admired Irene extremely; but her warm heart went out to the bright, beautiful, motherless girl whose experience of life was so strange.

She liked her to describe her home, her father's manner of life; she enjoyed hearing of old Marjory's quaint remarks on pictures and painters.

They talked together for long hours.

Daphne was slightly superstitious—very slightly—still sufficiently so to make her listen eagerly when Lady Marcia told of her strange experiences in second-sight. Daphne had heard her recount her marvellous dream again and again, always offering the same comment—

"In your dream, Lady Marcia, you witnessed the death of the two boys, but the burial of only one."

"Yes; only one dead body could be found.

"I believe that part of the dream puzzled and distressed me more than anything else," was the usual reply.

One morning Lady Marcia went into the picture-gallery early, something being wrong with one of the chandeliers.

There she found Daphne, whom she had begun to love and to look upon as a child of her own, standing gazing intently at the face of Bertie Hyde.

"Daphne, my dear child, what are you doing here?" she cried.

"Oh, Lady Marcia," she replied, turning hastily, with blushing cheeks, "this face haunts me!

"Do you know that at night I dream about it, and during the day I am constantly thinking of it?

"I often come to look at it."

"Do you?" questioned Lady Marcia, with some little surprise.

"How could any one live here, and love the Earl as I do, without thinking a great deal of his boys?" said Daphne.

"Of course it is absurd to talk of any one being in love with a picture; but, if such a thing were possible, I should be in love with this."

"My dearest Daphne, what a wife you might have made him had he lived!" cried Lady Marcia.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Birthday.

BY JOHN FROST.

BY-By Dolly.

"Don't sit up for me.

"I mayn't be home till late!"

And handsome Dick Everett, seal-capped and overcoated, bent to kiss his pretty little wife.

"Must you really go, Dick?" implor-ingly.

"Must I really go?" he repeated.

"What a dreadfully solemn face!

"Yes, you ridiculous darling, I really must."

"Why?" persistently.

"Oh, because of an—an engagement I—I cannot break, dear!" a trifle guilty.

"Good gracious! what an inquisitive little mortal it is, to be sure!

"Don't trouble your pretty head with business engagements; and once more, my pet, good-bye.

"And—oh, I say, Dolly, turning back and putting a furry head inside the door, "if you're in search of a job, I just wish you'd mend my other overcoat.

"I noticed a big tear on it for the first time to-night.

"Will you?"

And to his rather disconnected speech, Mrs. Dick nodded, and smiled a bright acquiescence.

The door slammed behind Dick, and she glanced round the cosy house-like room.

"If only Dick had not been obliged to go out—and such a cold night, too."

The gas burned brightly.

The cheery fire in the grate was a bed of golden coals.

The French clock on the mantel ticked musically.

Towards the crimson-covered table, on which lay a pile of unopened magazines, looked two wistful blue eyes.

But the bride of six months shook her dainty, bronze-brown head with resolute determination.

The rosy lips repeated the hackneyed formula—

"Duty first, pleasure after."

So, accordingly, the little white hands laboriously lugged and hauled Dick's big overcoat into the room, turned it over, and commenced their wifely occupation.

She smiled softly to herself, for her thoughts were pleasant ones as she sat and sewed.

A rarely pretty picture in the parlor's firelit glow, the childish figure in the soft dark dress and snowy muslin apron, the busy hands flying briskly through their task.

"To-morrow will be my birthday, and Dick has forgotten it, I know.

"How sorry he will be when I tell him to-morrow."

And as they broke merrily into "Comin' Thro' the Rye," the dainty French cook on the low marble mantel struck ten.

Her tasked finished, she turned the coat over to see if it needed other repairs, and as she did so, a small, square sheet of creamy paper fluttered from an inside pocket and fell upon the carpet.

She bent forward and picked it up with a low laugh.

"Which of Dick's friends is sufficiently foppish to perfume his love letters, I wonder?"

Then she turned it right side up and looked at it.

And she saw—what?

Nothing very terrifying.

Only a thick sheet of embossed paper, stamped with a monogram, in blue and gold, incomprehensible as monograms usually are.

A woman's letter, decidedly, written in a pretty, scrawling, irregular hand, unmistakably a woman's.

The bird-like song died on Dolly Everett's lips.

The soft, bright color faded slowly out of her face.

The blue eyes grew wide and startled, as deliberately, though almost involuntarily, she read the few words on the page before her.

The note ran—

"DICK, DARLING,—I have missed dreadfully of late.

"Come. Exercise diplomacy to-night, and slip away.

"I hate her for keeping you from me. Besides, Gerster is in town. Is the hint too broad? In spite of all, Dick, ever your

"EDITH."

That was all.

But it was enough.

For a few moments Dolly's eyes, blazing, terrified, stared straight at the fatal sheet, as though they would shrivel it up with their blue fire.

Then she flung it shuddering from her as though it were a venomous thing, and could sting her.

Who was the woman that dared write in that manner to Dick—her Dick?—yes, she told herself, with an air of defiant proprietorship, hers only.

She crushed her hands tightly together, till the diamond next the plain gold circlet cut the white flesh cruelly.

Then, as a horrible suspicion leaped to life in her brain: with a low moan she slipped from her chair and crouched shivering against the great shaggy overcoat.

Her fears took shape.

What if he had gone to meet this woman?"

For the first time he had evaded answering her questions.

And how guilty and hurried he had seemed—so horribly happy and light-hearted, too!

A thousand words and glances, before almost unnoticed, now flashed upon her.

She snatched up the note again and looked at it.

It was dated the evening of that day.

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" she cried wildly, "how could you, how could you? And—I loved you so!"

Then, with a sudden storm of sobs, she broke down altogether, and, burying her face in the crumpled overcoat, wept and wept as if her very heart would break, the graceful little figure shaken and convulsed.

The fire burned low in the grate under a coating of gray ashes.

Eleven!

Now she did not pause to listen to the music.

Footsteps came along the side-walk, up the steps.

A latch-key turned cautiously in the door.

She neither heard nor stirred.

In the hall Dick paused, a curious smile on his lips.

"Dolly's asleep, sure as fate!"

He diverted himself of hat and overcoat, and humming a popular air, turned the handle of the parlor door.

"Goodness! Dolly, what's the matter?"

His song came to an untimely end as he caught sight of the sobbing, shaking little figure on the hearthrug.

He took one stride towards her, but at the sound of his voice she had sprung to her feet with crimson cheeks and dangerously sparkling eyes.

"Stand off, sir!

"Don't dare to touch me!"

"Great Heaven! Dolly——" in direst bewilderment.

"Don't, Dolly, me!" facing him like a diminutive tigress—"don't dare to!"

"Dolly!"

"Don't mention my name so soon after hers—this 'Edith,' to whom you are 'Dick, darling!"

"Dolly——"

"Can you find no other word with which to defend or vindicate yourself except the repetition of my name?" this last with unnatural calmness.

The temperature had wafted round from the torrid to the frigid zone.

"Have you gone—mad?" slowly.

"If I have, find the cause—there."

Scornfully she flung him the crumpled sheet.

He snatched it eagerly and read every word.

Then he lifted a face of, if possible, more intense, utter bewilderment than before.

"Where did you get this, Dolly?"

"There."

She pointed dramatically to the tumbled overcoat.

"There?" in blankest astonishment.

"There!"

He glanced from the note to the coat, from the coat to the dote, then back again to Dolly.

She was longing desperately to steady her voice and still her heart sufficiently to ask him how he liked Gerster, just to exhibit a piece of stinging sarcasm; but she could not, to save her life.

There was blank silence a moment, then Dick walked over and picked up the overcoat.

Hark! what was that?

Not a laugh surely.

Yes, a laugh.

The maddest, merriest, wildest peal that ever rang from human lips.

There on the hearthrug stood Dick, the coat fallen loosely on the floor, his hands on both hips, and laughing—well, he was.

"Dick!" in faltering amazement.

"Yes," howled Dick.

"Oh, Dolly, it's the best joke of the season.

"Oh-h——"

And then he was roaring like a circus mad schoolboy again.

"Dick—tell me!"

Then, seeing her white, anxious face, he grew suddenly grave.

"Dolly, did you look at the envelope?"

"I saw none."

He showed her the envelope that had fluttered unnoticed under the table.

She read the address.

RICHARD HARVEY, ESQ.,
192 Blank St.

"Dolly, did you particularly notice the overcoat?"

A tremulous "No!"

"Look!

"See that velvet collar, those buttons, this pocket-book!

"Is this my overcoat?"

"Oh, Dick, my dearest, forgive me! No, no, no!"

She was sobbing in his arms now.

"My darling!

"But," bubbling again into boyish laughter, "what a good joke!

"To think that I should walk home in, and that you should mend, Dick Harvey's overcoat!

"Wonder if his folks are going through my pockets now?

"Who's 'Edith?'

"His sweetheart, whom he has to sneak off to see, because of a formidable heiress staying at his house at present, to whom his folks are trying to marry him. He told me all about it.

"Dick,"—shy arms went creeping round his neck, and blue eyes grew luminous through their tears—

"I'm never even going to be jealous again.

"I—I'm not going to ask you where you to-night," with triumphant heroism, underlaid by a stratum of maddening curiosity.

"My pet, I was just going to tell you, but these will speak better than I can.

"You see I had not quite forgotten what day to-morrow was."

He had drawn a leathern case from his pocket, and touching the spring, disclosed a set and necklet of milk-white pearls on a turquoise-velvet bed.

"Oh—h, Dick!"

A long-drawn breath, a rapturous lighting of blue eyes, a lifting of rosy lips, and then—well, when she got through, Dick thought himself well repaid.

"Won't there be fun at the office to-morrow?

"Jealous of Dick Harvey! But, by Jupiter! what a reception I got! Oh—h, oh! Dolly, Dolly, Dolly! it's the best joke on record!"

And Dolly joined him merrily; for, after all, is not the sweetest laughter that which springs from tears?"

OLD RUSSIA.—In the Great Palace in Moscow, much of which has been renewed after being burned, the upper chambers used to be called the "Terem." These were the ladies' apartments. The old Russian ideas of woman's place were tinged with Orientalism, as far, at least, as the imperial family displayed a preference. The Czarinas and the unmarried ladies of the blood-royal had, doubtless, many sources of enjoyment, but they had some crosses. No human lot is perfect. They were not, up to the time of Peter the Great, allowed to be seen even by high state officers. Social pleasures were out of the question. What could be the charm of rich decoration if it were worn in the seclusion of gloomy apartments, even in a palace? That we do not overstate the case will be admitted if it is remembered that when the doctor came to see one of the ladies the room was darkened; and if he had to feel the pulse of his patient it was done through a gauze covering.

It were no wonder if he sometimes blundered in his diagnosis. Add to this that outside suitors of high rank did not then seek Russian wives, and no subject dare look so high as a princess. So the poor ladies, in too many instances, pined in stately but solitary grandeur.

No wonder that some of them indulged in small jealousies and strifes among themselves; sometimes went too far in the use of stimulants, and even saw the other sex, by paying the guards to wink hard and not witness the interviews.

Hence it was an enormous step when Peter's mother opened a bit of her carriage curtains as she drove out; and so violently did his first wife cling to the old notions of imperial seclusion (she probably feared that woman was going to be taken out of her proper place), that Peter, after a good deal of such discipline as he enforced, sent her to a nunnery, and, after a divorce, married another.

SONG AND FIRE.—One of the practices peculiar to Japan, and one that naturally excites the curiosity of the stranger, is the singing of men at work upon the foundations and frame of any building that is being erected. If the building is of such dimensions that a number of men are required to place the heavy timbers that compose the frame and the roof, the sound of their singing may be heard a long distance.

There is no set song they sing, but they give voice to their wishes for the prosperity of the owner and builder, coining their song as they proceed with their labor, invoking the favor of the gods for their employer and all having any interest in the structure they are erecting, especially invoking the god of fire to protect it from conflagration.

Fire is the terror of the dweller in the cities of Japan, for most fearful disasters have befallen them from the fire-fiend. A queer system of fire patrol is found here. As the hour approaches for the lighting of lamps in the evening the sound of the fire patrol is heard and all the night long the streets are perambulated by these warning guardians, who beat two hand-sticks or clappers together with the regularity of clock work, giving forth a sharp ringing sound that there is no mistaking, and they also have a regular note of warning which they cry out at regular intervals of time, so that the necessity for precaution is present to the minds of all the dwellers in the city throughout the hours of darkness whether they will or no.

The incendiary is the most depraved of criminals in the estimation of the people, and none others were so fearfully punished in the past. At present death is the penalty meted to one who commits arson.

Bric-a-Brac.

INFANTA.—Any princess of the blood-royal, except an heiress of the crown is so called in Spain and Portugal.

IN THOSE DAYS.—In the reign of Henry VIII.—"the good old times"—two thousand criminals were executed annually, and during the period that he swayed the sceptre, seventy-two thousand were put to death, yet Sir Thomas More averred that property and person were never more insecure. In the reign of Elizabeth, from three hundred to four hundred suffered every year by the hands of the public executioner. England, nevertheless, was in a dreadful state of moral disorder.

JINGLETS.—This is the way the iron ball gets inside the shell of the sleigh-bell: In making the bells the iron ball is put inside a sand core just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mould is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This sand core, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mould of the outside, and melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the core and the mould. The hot metal burns the core so that it can be shaken out, leaving the ball within the shell. Half valves, swivel joints and many other articles are cast in the same manner.

OLD JOKES.—Chambers' *Journal* recalls these ancient jokes: A Sybarite, on a visit to Sparta, partook of the homely meal. He then observed: "No wonder the Spartans fought well, for the greatest coward would rather face death than live on such fare." Demades compared the Athenians to a clarinet—"Take out their tongues and they are good for nothing." A certain schoolmaster was reading badly. Theocritus said to him: "Why don't you teach geometry?" "Because I don't understand it." "Then why do you teach reading?" A thief caught in the act said to Demosthenes: "I didn't know it was yours." "No," was the reply: "but you knew it wasn't yours."

A JEALOUS HUSBAND.—When, in Africa, a Magololo suspects his wives he places a stone in a jar of boiling water or oil and orders them to fetch it up with their bare arms. He then judges of their guilt by the amount of injury they sustain. When a woman is thus convicted he makes her confess who wronged her. In vain does the helpless creature protest that she is innocent. Notwithstanding that her arm is severely scalded, she is subjected to the most cruel torture by a kind of thumb-screw which is applied to her head. A small tree is parted along the middle, the skull of the poor woman is inserted as if it were a wedge for splitting the tree still further. Great pressure is exerted by forcing the halves of the tree together with the aid of pulleys.

A THING REALLY STRIKING.—It would be interesting to know what impressions of England Cetewayo actually took home with him, and compare them with which he is popularly supposed to have conceived. Tocqueville, in his Voyage in Greece, relates that when Tussuf Effendi, who represented the Sultan in London, returned home in 1794, he was asked what were the most remarkable sights that he had beheld—what, for instance, he thought of the House of Commons. "The House of Commons," he replied, "is nothing but a noisy assembly; but I did see a thing really striking and wonderful. I saw a man who, holding four oranges in one hand and two forks in the other, threw up into the air the oranges and the forks successively, and stuck one on the other with the utmost rapidity."

THE ZULU BABOON.—The Zulus supply us with a theory of the origin of baboons. To a Zulu a baboon is much less an animal than a man, whose transformation he is quite able to explain. It is one of Tusi's men, he says, when he kills one; and Tusi was a man of the Amafeua tribe, a people so habitually idle that they would always eat at other people's houses rather than dig for themselves. Tusi, their chief, one day led them into the wilderness, where the handles of their digging implements gradually turned into tails, their foreheads became overhanging, and their bodies covered with hair; and from that time they went to the precipices and have had their dwelling among the rocks. So thought the Germans once of the storks; they were born as men in other parts of the world, and came to Germany in the form of birds.

THE HANDKERCHIEF.—The word handkerchief is not to be met with earlier than the sixteenth century. It appears first in the wardrobe accounts of King Edward the Fourth, in which there is an entry of Alice Shopstone being paid twopence apiece for making "forty-eight hand-coverchiefs of Holland cloth." Lady Bryan complained that her young charge, the Princess Elizabeth, had no "handkerchers," which was too bad, as her father, the King, flaunted handkerchers of Holland, fringed with Venice gold and red and white silk, or bordered with silver and gold or Flanders work, and expected those about him to be provided with "napkins," "to cleanse the nose from all foulness." In 1531 Mistress Armoner received five pounds eleven shillings and four pence for "eleven dozen handkerchers and sheets for those of the chamber, being at the King's finding." In 1598, in the play of the "Vanbredker," the lover says: "Mistress Ursula, 'tis not unknown that I have loved you. If I die, it shall be for your sake, and it shall be valiantly. I leave an hankercher with you." So Othello only did as lovers of Shakespeare's time did in giving Desdemona a handkerchief as a token of love and to test her truth, but the strawberry-spotted napkin she kissed and talked to was worked by no ordinary needle woman.

MIDNIGHT FANCIES.

BY J. R.

In the solemn, mystic night-time,
In the midst of midnight bell-chime,
Through the chambers of my brain,
  Myriad feet seem to beat;
  First advance, and then retreat;
  Thoughts the day will not repeat,
More, a restless, crowding train.

Startled by the night-bells chiming,
Little elfins set to climbing
Up and down the mind's dim stairway,
  Till the sprites fill the nights
  With uncanny sounds and sights,
  Gone before the morning light—
But to come again anon.

Died away the last faint bell-chime,
And I hearken in the night-time
To a sound of restless beating,
  Tiny hoofs on the roofs
  Of the chambers of my brain,
  Prancing up and down again,
Then the giddy round repeating.

Mimic faces, peeping, peeping,
Laugh right in the face of sleeping,
Peer and laugh, and then are gone,
  Like a thought, sometimes caught
  In the night, in empty brains,
  Never one, I trow, remains
Half an hour after dawn.

A FALSE FRIEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

POOR Sir George Beauchamp!

He has made the mistake so many worthy old gentlemen before him have made.

And now, as her ladyship begins to issue her invitations to all her gay friends, he finds it out.

He fondly hoped he should, by means of his wealth and title, attach to himself a tender nurse and companion for his declining years.

Lady Beauchamp does not look at matters from the same point of view.

The Baronet is very testy on the subject of Harold.

That youth he declares to have always been a rake and a spendthrift, and he will have none of him.

As for the Seldens, let Lady Beauchamp herself be judge.

Are they the kind of people to be received on a footing of equality at Eversham? The Squire is very intimate with them, her ladyship urges.

But Sir George looks more intensely aristocratic than ever at this suggestion. Squire Allington may do as he pleases, but Sir George Beauchamp is quite another personage, he would have her know.

So Lady Beauchamp fills Eversham with brilliant society, and the gay doings there are the talk of the whole country round: but still Harold is not invited, to that young man's intense surprise.

No more notice is taken of the Seldens than a polite note to Alice, thanking her for her hospitality and kindness on the day of the accident.

Lady Beauchamp has yielded the point of acquaintanceship with the Doctor and his sisters, as she styles them.

She intends to have her own way about Harold.

Summer, however, is far advanced before her husband yields and permits her to invite his nephew to the Manor.

Harold has remained on at the cottage in daily expectation of this invitation.

He finds it very pleasant staying there. He sits under the trees in the garden in the summer afternoons and reads aloud in his pleasant refined voice for Alice and Sophie—Alice at her work, Sophie drawing.

And then tea is carried out to them; and as Harold remarks—

"Life is like a pastoral symphony."

He is deeply amused too at having made his grave, steady-going old friend Richard jealous, as he sees only too well he has; and he is more interested in Sophie than he cares to acknowledge to himself even.

There is still enough of the invalid about him to warrant the lady inmates taking good care of him.

He sometimes speaks vaguely about going away.

Alice, fancying she is carrying out her brother's wishes, presses him to stay, and he yields gracefully.

Of late Doctor Selden has maintained silence when this question of his departure has been mooted.

Harold feels he is no longer a welcome guest as far as Richard is concerned; but, since his pleasure is to remain, that idea troubles him but little.

He is beginning to think his uncle will not honor him by an invitation, when, one July morning, a servant rides over and leaves a note at the cottage, addressed in a graceful female hand to Harold Beauchamp Esq., and bearing the Beauchamp crest.

After mastering its contents, he sets forth to seek Sophie, desirous of seeing what effect the intelligence of his departure will have on that young lady.

"Ah, there you are!" he says, finding her curled up in a corner of the arbor with a book in her hand.

"I have been looking for you everywhere.

"I have a piece of news for you.

"I am going away."

"Are you?" answers the girl, quietly putting aside her book with an after-glance to see at what page she left off.

His grand stroke has failed in its effect. Harold feels surprised and irritated at her calm indifference.

"Yes.

My uncle and his wife have at last seen fit to honor me with an invitation to Eversham," he continues coolly.

"And when do you go?"

"To-morrow."

"And will you be coming back here, Mr. Beauchamp?"

"No; I think not.

"As it is, I feel I have trespassed too long on Miss Selden's goodness."

"And Richard's," she supplements quietly.

"And Richard's, since you will," he returns angrily.

He is used to Sophie's caprices now, but he did not dream that she was so utterly indifferent to him.

He had persuaded himself there was good ground for Selden's jealousy.

He wonders if this quiet stateliness, new to her, is a caprice also, and will pass away as others have done before.

Sophie is silent, and Harold does not know what to say or do next.

He picks up the book she had been reading when he disturbed her.

It is the story of the Lily Maid of Astolat and her unhappy misplaced love.

Harold has an idea he considers a brilliant one.

"I am like Sir Lancelot," he says, looking up at her with his sad brown eyes full of a tender light.

"I have been wounded, and carried by trusty Gawaine to the hermit's cave and tended by fair hands.

"Now I must buckle on my armor and fare forth into the world again."

"And do you mean to ride away without saying one farewell?" the girl asks him mockingly.

"No," he returns.

"I see only too well no 'rough discourtesy' is needed on my part to 'break or blunt' any one's passion of sorrow at seeing me go."

Her lips curve in a quiet smile, but no other answer does she vouchsafe him.

Harold is stung by her coolness.

In his wounded pride, he casts away all prudence and honor and wisdom—he will touch her yet, he resolves.

A thought of his treachery to Richard crosses his mind.

He had never intended to go so far; but it is Sophie's fault, she has goaded him on to it—let Richard look to himself.

"Sophie, Sophie," he breaks forth passionately, "you are cruel.

"You witch a man's senses away from him, and then you laugh in his face.

"I cannot bear to leave you—you see me go with a heartless smile on your face.

"But you are only acting: it cannot be that you do not really care; you must care—you shall care!"

"Please, Mr. Beauchamp, don't speak like this," she says.

"I think you forget yourself."

"Forget myself!" he returns bitterly, flinging away the last vestige of prudence, and not thinking where his passion is leading him.

"I wish I could forget.

"I wish I could forget you, with your beautiful, cruel, witching, lovely face, that has stolen my heart from me."

Sophie springs to her feet, her face very pale.

"This is all nonsense!" she cries, her voice angry and shrill.

"I steal your heart!

"I don't believe you possess one: and, if you did, I would not have it."

He stands up too, and confronts her.

His face is as white as her own.

"Take care what you say, Sophie," he says, in a voice he forces to be calm.

"You may anger me past forgiveness. Sophie, you may look as proud and defiant as you like.

"I shall have the truth from you.

"Listen!" he adds, holding out his hands to her, while his expression changes from anger to tenderness.

"Listen!

"With all your cruelty and unkindness to me these last few months, in spite of all your caprices, my beautiful little queen, I love you."

"And I, Harold Beauchamp," she answers, drawing up her slight figure to its fullest height—"I hate you and despise you!"

The ring of truth is in her voice. This is no caprice, but bitter earnest.

"You hate me—and despise me!" he says wonderingly.

"Yes, both.

"And I wish I had never seen you, that had never crossed our threshold.

"We were so happy before you came—and now!

"My heart is broken when I think of it.

"Oh, I do hate you!"

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much," he sneers.

He does wrong to rouse her passionate French nature by this taunt.

Her eyes literally blaze as she turns to him.

"I was going not to say any more," she says, speaking rapidly.

"I had just recollected you were our guest."

"Pray use no reserve with me," he interposes, taking off his hat in mock respect as he stands before her.

"You have said enough to speed any parting guest.

"But, if it relieves you to speak, say on."

"It does relieve me then," she returns hotly.

"I said I despise you, and I will tell you why.

"You have come here, and you have let Richard—dear, good, hard-working Richard—go into debt for your sake.

"You can't deny it; you know it is true.

"You see him working day and night to pay off what he owes to her father for your sake.

"It was all very well when you were so ill and weak.

"When you came first, I pitied you; but these last few moths I have been wondering when you were going to rouse up and be a man.

"You saw him trudging out in winter, in snow and rain, and now in heat and dust.

"He takes no rest, and all for you. And you don't care.

"You seem to think it is all right.

"He hasn't even time for his garden, which used to be his great delight.

"When he is not with his parents, he is shut up in his study, writing—and you take it all so quietly.

"That's why I despise you."

Harold is so furious that he cannot speak.

"And now you go off to your fine friends little caring what a burden you leave him.

"Oh, it wrings my heart to see him so changed!"

Her voice breaks suddenly, and hot tears well up into her eyes.

"I am sure Selden would feel his wrongs amply revenged did he know he possessed so warm a champion in you.

"It is a pity he should not know."

There is a sneering tone in his voice that rouses her.

She endeavors to return his gaze unflinchingly,, but in vain.

If she has found, in her blind rage, the joints in his armor, he has found by her own words the joints in hers.

The mocking light in his eyes is too much for her.

She sees he has divined her secret, and, with a cry of sudden pain, she covers her face with her hands and rushes away to the house, leaving him standing there all alone.

"What a little fury it is!" he thinks later when his anger has cooled.

"But how lucky for me she took my insane declaration as she did!

"It would have been a charming predicament had she subsided gently into my arms with a confession of love for me!

"But, were I rich enough, I declare I have never seen a girl that would suit me better."

CHAPTER XI.

"ALICE," says Richard abruptly, finding his sister alone in the drawing-room some days after Harold has left them, "I do wish Beauchamp had never entered this house."

Alice looks up with astonished eyes at him walking impatiently to and fro in the room.

"I was foolish," he goes on abruptly.

"You see I looked upon her as a child—I never thought——"

"Richard, whatever do you mean?" she asks breathlessly.

"I mean about Sophie," he says, stopping short before her.

"See what a change in her since he left—pale, silent!"

"Do you mean," Alice asks in terrified tones, "that she has grown to care for him.

"Oh, Richard!"

Richard does not reply.

"She is such a child!" his sister urges.

"She is just eighteen."

"I never thought or dreamt of such a thing," Miss Selden goes on in great dismay.

"And he—does he care for her, do you think?"

Richard turns sharply away from her then.

"Even if he did," Alice reasons, "he has nothing to offer her."

Richard walks to the window and stands there looking out.

"I think," he says presently, "that he cares for nothing on earth but for himself."

"I will speak to the child, and try to find out.

"Oh, Richard, it is hard if her life is to be shadowed at the very outset!

"If she cares for him, he must be made to care for her.

"His uncle could allow them something."

"Alice, you are talking utter rubbish," Richard says rudely, and leaves the room.

Between the revelation he has made and his brusqueness to herself Alice feels as if the world must be coming rapidly to an end.

She sits and plots and plans, and ponders how Harold can be brought to return Sophie's love—the child's heart must not be broken, she resolves.

Sophie's birthday comes again—very different from that last joyous one, she thinks as she follows Alice about the house, asking to be allowed to help with the household affairs, or be given something to do.

"Indeed, Alice, I wish you would leave off treating me as as a child.

"I am eighteen now, and I should be ever so much happier," she urges.

"But Richard is there," she replies, coloring vividly.

"I should only disturb him."

"You used not to be so particular about disturbing him.

"You are not half so kind to him as you used to be, Sophie.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Has Richard been complaining of me?" the girl asks breathlessly.

"Is he angry with me?"

"Angry with you, dear?

"Nonsense!

"He—both of us, do not like to see you become so staid and quiet."

"But I imagined he liked girls to be quiet.

"He always seems to think—Gabriel—so—very nice."

Alice looks keenly at the blushing downcast face.

All thoughts of Harold in connection with Sophie's paleness fly away for ever.

"Richard," she says, that same afternoon, "I have not had courage to speak to Sophie—about what you know.

"And I have come to the conclusion you had better speak to her."

"I, Alice?

"I should not dare.

"A great clumsy fellow like me.

"The child would hate me for ever."

"I don't think she would," answers Alice, smiling.

"Please, Richard, do speak to her yourself.

"You need not say anything about Harold, you know.

"Take my word for it, if to any one, she will confide all to you."

"But suppose she confides to me, what can I do to help her Alice?"

His face is white and drawn with severe pain.

"Alice, I would give my life if all this had never happened."

When he is gone, Miss Selden bursts into a heartless laugh.

"It will come right between them," she murmurs.

"What a clever woman I am!

"In the one day I have found them both out.

"I hope they will come to an understanding without giving me any more trouble."

While Alice is writing, Sophie is sitting alone in the arbor at the end of the long garden.

"She is reading that most exquisite poem of Miss Ingelow's—

"Divided."

In imagination she follows the two lovers walking hand-in-hand through the purple heather beside the tiny rill.

It is so narrow that, when one steps over to the other side, the hands do not need to unclasp.

But the brook grows wider, and the hands are severed

"He prays, 'Come over'; I may not follow;
I cry 'Return,' but he cannot come:
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb."

And so they go on in increasing anguish till the mighty river rolls triumphantly into the sea.

"And two are walking apart for ever
And wave their hands for a mute farewell."

Sophie can read no farther.

She throws the book down, and bursts into a passion of bitter weeping.

"It is just like us," she murmurs presently.

"Only Richard never loved me as I love him.

"It began with so little, and now the breach is so great it can never be healed.

"He will never love me as he loves Gabriel.

"He never would have—but I need not have made him hate me.

"I love him so much that I would like to be the dog that lies at his feet, so that his hand might touch me kindly and his voice speak to me lovingly."

Presently a step comes along the gravel walk, and she hastily brushes away her tears.

A shadow falls across her, and, looking up, she sees Richard standing in the open doorway.

"Do you want Alice?" she asks nervously, not daring to look at him.

"No. I do not want her," he replies, looking with grave sad eyes at her tear-stained averted face—

"I want you.

"I have not given you a good wish yet for your birthday.

"It was very childish of me.

"You must forgive me."

She is silent.

He bends his head, and, coming into the arbor, sits down opposite to her.

"I wish you every happiness," he begins gently.

"But, my child, it grieves me sorely to see you are not happy now.

"Will you not tell your old brother all about it, Sophie?"

"I cannot," she whispers, shrinking away with crimson cheeks.

"You cannot?" he says, after a long, long silence.

"You used to tell me all your whole worries.

"I cannot bear to see you so pale and sad and quiet."

"I am sorry if I have done anything that would grieve or annoy you, Richard.

"Please don't think me ungrateful for all your goodness."

"Child, do not let me hear that abominable word 'ungrateful' from your lips!" he cries wearily.

"Spare me that, at least."

"I think I haven't been quite myself lately," she goes on humbly.

"I have been so cross and so very horrid.

"Please, Richard, say you will forgive me."

"My dear child," he answers, with irrepressible tenderness, "I have nothing to forgive.

"I want your forgiveness for a great injury.

"I fear I have brought, by my stupid blindness, a sorrow into your life—I that would have died to save you pain.

"I did not know what I was doing."

Sophie endeavors to understand him.

Suddenly and violently he brings his brown hand down upon the table, with a smothered exclamation.

"I wish," he says passionately, "I had killed him with my own hands before I brought him here to spoil your life!"

"Of whom are you speaking?" she asks.

"Of Harold Beauchamp, of course," he replies bitterly.

"Of Harold Beauchamp!" she repeats slowly.

"And you think that I am pale and sad and silent for him?

"You think I am breaking my heart for him?

"Richard, how dare you?"

"You think I care for him?" she goes on scornfully.

"It was in this very spot a week ago that he told me he loved me.

"It was untrue, I think.

"He could not love any one but himself.

"I answered him——"

"Well, and what did you answer him?" Richard asks, with almost savage energy.

"I answered him that I hated and despised him!" she returns defiantly.

"And I succeeded in making him believe I was in earnest too."

"Sophie!"

She misunderstands the deep emotion in his voice.

The vivid crimson stains in her cheek burn brighter and brighter as she goes on.

"Now I have shocked you terribly, I suppose.

"To exhibit such rudeness to your friend and guest was very horrible, doubtless.

"I could not help myself.

"I am not good and gentle, like Miss Gabriel.

"But I only told him the truth.

"I think him the meanest and most despicable man that ever lived.

"I despised him when I saw him letting you slave yourself to death to pay off the money you borrowed for him, and never as much as thanks did he give you.

"And you think I don't care for your trouble and worry.

"I have lain awake whole nights wondering how I could help you pay Squire Allington, if there was anything I could sell."

"Squire Allington is paid, Sophie," he says quietly.

"I went up with the money last evening: Alice and I made it up between us."

"Richard," she whispers humbly, with a last great effort to put them again on their old pleasant footing with each other, "if you will forgive me once for all, I will try to be better.

Now Mr. Beauchamp is gone I think I shall have time to be good; he never would let me.

"Say you forgive me, and that you will try to love me again as you did when I was the little child you found at Deal;" and with downcast eyes she holds out her hand.

Richard clasps it and draws her gently to his side.

"Sophie," he says gently, "I did not intend to tell you something of great importance to me when I came out here to look for you"—the hand in his quivers convulsively; "I thought you were only a child, but I have learned in the last half hour that you are now a woman, with a woman's heart.

"Sophie, my child, my love, my darling, you must know how I love you with my whole soul.

"Will you not look into your heart, and see if I am too old, too ugly, too stupid for you, or if it is possible for you to care for me no longer as your brother, your guardian, but to take me for your husband?"

"Richard," she whispers, her head resting on his shoulder, "I will not have you call my friend names. You are not ugly, or old, or stupid—you are only fishing when you say so."

"Then you do love me, darling?" he says with great happiness welling up in his heart.

"I did not say I did—I want to know about Gabriel. I thought you cared for her."

Richard laughs aloud, a long joyous laugh, in the fulness of his heart.

"You are an arrant goose, Sophie. Care for Gabriel, indeed!"

"You are are dreadfully rude, Richard. Let us go in: the tea-bell has rung half a dozen times at least."

"I sha'n't let you go till I get an answer to the question I asked you," he announces firmly.

And then she lifts her blushing face to his, and, drawing him gently down to her, she presses her soft lips to his.

It is an answer which satisfies him fully.

Hand in hand they go up the garden to the house. Alice, seeing them come, understands that Richard has not been too clumsy, nor Sophie too reserved.

"Bless you, my children," she exclaims laughingly, as they begin to stumblingly explain matters. "Do come in to tea before it is quite cold. Do you think I have been blind all this time? You look better, Sophie. I sent you the best doctor in the world, did I not?"

The same day that changes Alice Selden into Alice Leetch changes Sophie into Sophie Selden.

"And I said my name would never be Selden, didn't I, Richard?" Sophie asks blushingly. "The day you came back from Germany I vowed it, coming home from the station."

"I dare say you did," her husband replies fondly. "But you know you were always famous for talking nonsense."

[THE END.]

A Lucky Mistake.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

"TOM," said my father to me, one cold November afternoon, as we stood in the flag-paved hall of our old-fashioned farm-house, "you'd better put the little bay mare in the dog-cart and go into Worthington for that saddle.

"I clean forgot to call for it yesterday, and if you want to go out with the hounds on Saturday, you won't have another chance of getting it."

Thus my stalwart, weather-reddened, grey-haired old sire, as he put on his rough hat and took his thick walking-stick from the stand, preparatory to going about the farm.

It was about three o'clock, and dinner was just over: for the time of which I speak was twenty years ago, and the farmer had not then learnt to live according to the laws of fashion unsuited to his income and his occupation, or to ape the style and expenditure of his landlord.

My father was an old-fashioned yeoman, who tilled the land which his great-grandfather had tilled before him; and had he lived in these days, when men of his type are rare, he would have kept the old-fashioned ways.

I was nothing loth to act upon the parental suggestion, although it meant a long drive in the biting cold, and although the return journey would have to be done in the dark, or with very indifferent moonlight.

We were utterly isolated at the Mistletoe Farm; for we were seven miles from Worthington, our nearest town, and ten miles, in the opposite direction, from the nearest railway station.

My father farmed nearly five hundred acres, some of the land—especially that lying towards Worthington—being very poor stuff and only fit for sheep.

There was not even a village near: the laborers lived in cottages scattered over the estate; and in the depth of winter, when there was snow, or when the floods were out, we were often a week at a time and never saw a soul besides ourselves and our employes.

But we always had a good bit of horse-flesh in the stable: as, indeed, was absolutely necessary, when our only means of communication with the outer world was by road, and when the distances were so great and the roads so bad.

The little bay mare that I was going to drive—Fly-by-night was the name we afterwards gave her—was a young one of our own breeding, clever as a cat and docile as a dog.

From her infancy she was my playfellow; would come to me when I whistled to her, eat out of my hand and my pocket: and when the time came for backing and breaking her, there was nothing to be done.

She had perfect confidence and trust in us all, and especially in me; the cat by the fireside could not be more gentle or more easy to control.

If only people would learn that a horse can, by kind treatment and constant association, be made as tame and affectionate as a household pet, there would be fewer broken bones from back jumpers and runaways.

She was a world too good for harness, I thought to myself, as I led her out of the stable and proceeded to put her to the old-fashioned, square dog-cart, which turned up behind, and looked like a mail cart—barring the color, which was a dingy grey.

The little mare was my hunter when the hounds were within reach and my father would let me go: and she carried me as gamely, even after twenty miles of harness the day before, as if she were one of the Squire's cracks and went out only once a week.

As we trotted quietly down the drive, my father put his head over the hedge and called to me.

"Maybe the saddle won't be finished," he said, his red face glowing with the cold, his eyes glancing critically at the mare.

"If so, you can put up at the Angel and have your tea; but don't be later than you can help.

"Have you got your watch on you?"

"Yes," I said, wondering at the question.

"You'd better give it to me," said my father, stretching his arm over the hedge.

"I heard yesterday, at the ordinary, there was a gentleman stopped last Monday night on the road.

"You haven't got too much money on you, I suppose?"

"No danger," said I, with a laugh, as I put my watch and chain into my father's big, brown hand.

"They won't get much out of me if they try it on."

And off we went, turned into the high road and sped at a quick trot through the gathering twilight in the direction of Worthington.

It was dark when we reached the outskirts of the little town, and the lights, not very brilliant if tried by modern standards, sparkled cheerfully enough in the windows.

Past the blacksmith's forge, with the great bellows roaring and the sparks flying from the glowing cinders; past the butcher's, with a goodly display of some of our best beef; past the grocer's, where the half-dozen children who were flattening their noses against the panes turned to look at us; and so, clattering over the uneven cobbles of the pavement, to the saddler's shop.

The proprietor himself, a staid and portly person, conscious of the importance which attaches to his position in a country town, came out and nodded a greeting.

"A cold night, Mr. Tom," says he, with a shiver, as the wind took his apron.

"I'm not quite ready for you.

"Your father didn't come in yesterday, so I thought you wouldn't want the saddle till next week."

"I want it for Saturday," said I, leaning sideways out of the trap.

"The hounds are at the coppice, and the little mare and I are going.

"Can you do it for me if I put up?"

The saddler thought a moment.

"Ay, I can do that," he said at length.

"Will you call in between eight and nine and it shall be ready for you."

I agreed, shook up the mare, and, a few yards further down, turned in through the narrow gateway of the Angel into the dim, deserted inn-yard.

From a single half open doorway came a stream of light.

A figure issued forth in answer to my summons.

"Good evening, Mr. Tom," said this person, approaching and patting the mare's neck.

"Hallo, Jack! is that you?" said I, as I drew the reins through my fingers and alighted, recognizing, as I did so, Mr. Jack Plover, to whom was entrusted the important duty of conveying the Queen's mail-bags from Worthington to the railway town.

"You'll have to wrap up warm to-night."

"Ay! bitter cold, that it is," answered Jack, undoing the traces.

"But law bless me! I'm used to it.

"If only I'd got as good a thing between my shafts as you have here, I'd think nothing of a seventeen-mile drive, I do assure you, sir."

"Your old pony isn't to be despised, either," said I, holding up the shaft while Jack drew the mare out.

"A new pair of forelegs and sound bellows would improve him, but except for that——"

"Well, he isn't quite Newmarket or Doncaster, I do confess," said Jack, leading the mare in through the open doorway and putting her in a vacant stall.

"But he's good enough for this work.

"I start early and we take it easy.

"You won't have the collar off, sir?"

"No," I said.

"I am off again in an hour or so.

"Will you have a drink, Jack?"

We crossed the yard, passed through a swing door and found ourselves in the warm, cheerful bar, where the bright light made us wink after the darkness outside, and the huge fire sent a leaping, ruddy glare on the red curtains, and a reflection that danced merrily on the trim rows of bottles and glasses.

The barmaid, buxom and fresh-colored, smiled a welcome, and rewarded my compliments on her pink ribbons, and the roses in her cheeks by a "Go along with you," and a couple of glasses of steaming whiskey-and-water.

There was only one other occupant of the bar, a stranger to me.

He was a man apparently verging on forty, buttoned up in a shabby great coat, and with his hat so slouched over his eyes that his features were hard to discern.

To the salutation which I gave him on entering, he made no reply, but with folded eyes gazed fixedly on the floor.

"My service, sir," says Jack, raising the tumbler to his lips, and taking off the contents at a draught.

"That's the stuff to keep the cold out.

"Although this is a bit too early. I ought to have waited until eight o'clock, just before I started."

"You can have another then, if you like," said I, with a laugh.

"Nay, sir," remonstrated Jack.

"I didn't mean that.

"Is the clock right, miss?" he inquired of the barmaid.

"Then I must be going about my work," he added, receiving an answer in the affirmative.

"Good-night, sir, and thank you kindly."

And Jack Plover, who was a sporting-looking figure with his Queen's livery and clean-shaven face, touched his hat politely and passed through the swing door.

The man with the slouched hat looked up as he left, and, addressing nobody in particular, inquired in a harsh, rough voice, with a queer burr in it:

"What time does the post go out here?"

"At eight o'clock," replied the barmaid, looking at her interrogator with no particular favor.

"That is the driver of the mail-cart who has just left."

"So I judged," replied the man, rising, and putting some money on the table.

"Is that right?

"Good-night to you."

And with a heavy, stooping gait, he strode to the door, and was gone.

After tea in the half-lit coffee-room, and a pipe in the bar, with the barmaid to tell me the gossip, I started at about half-past eight, called at the saddler's, put my saddle under the seat, and set out for home.

As we passed the blacksmith's forge at the end of the street, there was a pony being shod, and Mr. Jack Plover, in a big great coat, was looking on at the process.

"Cast a shoe, Mr. Tom, and had to turn back," he called out as I passed by.

Out into the country, looking doubly black and dismal by contrast with the cheerful light and warmth that we were leaving behind; with the slanting rain driving full in one's face, so that it dazzled the sight; with grey piles of cloud hurrying overhead; with a veil of mist and blending hurdle hedge-row, field and tree into a vague, indistinct, grey mass.

The road is muddy, and, albeit the high road, in bad condition; but the little mare has got her head homewards, and pulls her hardest towards warm stable and well-stocked rack and the society of heavy Dobbin and his brethren.

Not that my little hunter is to be permitted to pull herself to pieces through ruts and over ill-laid stones, for there is Saturday in prospect, and, with the country in this state, we shall want the very last ounce.

Now as we are climbing a hill, and, anon, we are on the top, and the rain and the wind beat savagely upon us and the prospect is dreary enough.

Now steadily down the shedding ground, with a tight rein and a careful look out for loose stones; for this is a deep descent, and one false step may take one hundred dollars off the little mare's value.

The banks are high, at all events, so there is some shelter, and down at the bottom there are trees on either hand.

It was pitch dark in this hollow, but I let the mare out at the bottom of the hill and gave her her head.

Suddenly, with a loud snort, she swerved violently, ran the wheel of the trap on to a heap of wayside stones, put there to mend the road; and in a second we were over.

I went out, of course, and the driving-box, the saddle, and a debris of miscellaneous articles after me.

I landed partly on my shoulder, partly on my head, and was up again in a moment, although a bit dazed.

The moment I gained my feet, I was seized by the collar, and a harsh voice exclaimed—not to me, but to someone else:

"Hold his head down—hold his head down!"

A dusky form sprang to the mare's head and kept her from attempting to rise.

A third form knelt on the trap.

"By Jove!" exclaimed this last fellow in an angry tone, "we've got the wrong man!"

"What?" said he who had hold of my collar.

"Do you mean to say it isn't the——?"

With a volley of oaths the other replied in the negative.

The man who had hold of me released me and joined the other.

They whispered together for a few seconds.

Then the first one came back to me and said, with a fine pretence of indifference:

"Nasty accident, sir! But it might have been worse.

"It's lucky we were at hand to help you."

"I don't know about that," I replied, with no small acrimony, "for my horse shied at one of you.

"She never did it in her life before.

"You'll oblige me by helping to get her out."

In a twinkling we had the harness undone, and the mare, with a flounder and a stagger, was on her feet and shook herself in a disgusted fashion.

The men said nothing, but obeyed my directions.

Luckily, nothing was broken; the mare had rubbed a little hair off her, as well as I could tell, but his knees were all right.

In seven or eight minutes from the time we went over, so quickly did it all happen, I was in my seat again, ready to start.

My assailants, or assistants, which ever they were, made no opposition, and seemed only anxious to get rid of me; they despatched me without a word, and I was a mile on my road before I fully realized what had happened.

As is always the case in an accident, I could only recall what took place immediately before and immediately after, and for that very reason the words uttered by the men were more vividly impressed on my memory.

What did they mean?

It flashed into my mind like a revelation.

They had been misled by the shape of my trap; which, as I have said, was square behind, and looked like a mail-cart, while the darkness was too great in their place of ambuscade for them to see the color.

The time of my arrival was about that of the mail, had not Jack Plover been obliged to turn back; and the careful pace at which I had come down the hill accorded very well with the steady movements of Jack's nag.

And the voice?

I had heard it somewhere lately—the man in the Angel bar, who asked, too, the time when the mail left.

There was no doubt of the men's purpose.

How to prevent it? How to warn Jack in time?

There was no road back but the one by which I had come, unless I made a detour of several miles.

Neither was there a house near whence to get assistance.

I pulled up and thought it out. A bruise on my right arm suggested something. I had fallen on my left side and this bruise was caused by the saddle tumbling after me. I made up my mind at once.

Turning in through the first gate I came to, I drove over the turf to a corner of the field where was a group of trees.

Here I took the mare out; put the trap under the elms and turned the cushions;

took off all the harness but the bridle, and saddled her.

Luckily the bridle had no blinkers. I wound the long reins round and round my arm, mounted, and thanking Providence for my knowledge of the country, rode at the nearest fence.

There was a faint moonlight to help us, but it was terribly dark. My heart was in my mouth as we went at the fence, which was a big upstanding one, but I knew there was no ditch on the taking-off side, and I gave the little mare the word at the right moment.

She jumped clean from under me and landed me on the crupper. I never shall forget that leap! If there had been anyone to see it I could have sold her almost for her weight in gold.

We were half way across the next field before I had regained my seat properly, and then the mad exhilaration of the thing took possession of both of us.

There was a flight of hurdles next which we took in our stride.

Then a bank and a close-cropped hedge that stood up, black as Erebus, against the grey of the night; which we jumped as though it were twice its height.

Then a flock of frightened sheep went scurrying away into the darkness.

It was all turf, and, for the first time, I blessed the poverty of the land, that made it worthless to plough.

A dozen fences negotiated in the same mad fashion brought us into a field that skirted the high road; and here we were pounded.

There was a big bull-finch into the road, with a deep drop.

To go on, parallel with the road, was impossible, for there was a made-up bank with a cropped hedge, full of stakes, and a deep drain, as I knew, ran on either side. I rode up and down by the bull-finch in despair.

Was all my trouble to be in vain?

At last I made up my mind, and rode, not too fast, at the great, towering, straggling hedge.

I put my arm across my face, shut my eyes, into it we went, and out of it, with a scramble and a flounder, we came—separately.

The bull-finch brushed me nearly out of the saddle, and the mare and I dropped side by side into the road, but both of us on our legs.

Before I had time to remount I heard the sound of approaching wheels, and a man whistling merily.

"Pull up, Jack!" I called out.

Jack's whistle ceased, and a more astonished countenance I never beheld than the one which looked down from the mail-cart.

"What the dickens——?" he began.

Then I explained.

"Well," he said, at the end of it, without a word of commendation for me. "That is a good pony of yours. What shall we do?"

"I'll tell you," I said, for my blood was up with the excitement of the night. "Drive back to Worthington, get Rogers, the constable, and a pistol apiece, and let them try it again."

"Done with you," said Jack, turning round. "You ride on ahead and find Rogers, and I'll wait for you by the old toll-bar."

In half an hour the constable and I were seated, very uncomfortably, on the back of the mail-cart and driving along as fast as Jack's pony could be induced to go.

Our only fear was lest the fellows should have got tired waiting, for it was quite an hour and a half later than the time when the mail should have passed them.

Down the hill we went, our hearts thumping away with excitement, not to mention the difficulty of holding on, and Jack performing "My Pretty Jane" with exquisite variations.

Well, to cut my story short, we got one of them. The constable, in his eagerness, jumped down directly the first man had seized the horse's head, and the other two fellows made off. We got the right gentleman, though; the identical fellow who had been in the Angel bar and whose voice I had recognized.

He was tried at the Assizes and, two other convictions being proved against him, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

I went out with the hounds on Saturday, and my little mare was the heroine of the hour.

The Squire himself came up to me, and after complimenting us both on our achievement, said:

"What do you call her?"

"Well, Squire," I replied, "we haven't given her a name yet."

"Call her Little Fly-by-night," said he. And that's how she got her name.

STABLES AND FLIES.—One of the greatest hindrances to thrift during hot weather is the annoyance caused by flies. This is true both in field and stable. In the former we cannot, in any considerable degree, control them, but in the latter we can. The better class of stables should be provided with screens. By this mode fumigation being practiced to drive the flies out, the stock may be quite well protected. The placing of small vessels of chloride of lime about the ceiling will sometimes answer the purpose of keeping them out of the building. If the decoction lycopodium (sometimes called wolf's-claw), be placed in a bladder, the neck being supplied with a quill nozzle, by means of which the liquid can be sprinkled where the flies accumulate early in the morning, the effect upon flies will soon be seen, as it quite promptly destroys them. This article is also used to destroy vermin.

Sowing and Reaping.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF HER PROMISE;" "A GIRL'S MISTAKE;" "NOT FAIR FOR ME." ETC.

CHAPTER V.

I WAS not disappointed.

Aunt Patience came to the sitting-room door with the unmistakable orange envelope in her hand and an unfeigned joy in her kind old face.

"Good news, Rita!"

"Sir Hercules is coming!"

I had expected it.

I knew papa would never snub my penitence.

I seized the paper with an exclamation of incredulous joy, and read it with eyes half blinded by happy tears.

The next day was a very busy one.

We did not expect papa until the evening and then aunt Pris and I were to drive out to meet him.

I was free to spend the morning hours as I chose, and I spent them by making a vast pretence of work, which after all came to very little, and by thinking alternately of my father and Martin O'Hara.

My promise of loyal friendship to the latter was put quickly to the test.

That very afternoon as aunt Pris and I stood gaily chatting at the Parsonage gate with Minna and Olivia Jolliffe, a tall dark figure came striding through the gray haze and Minna whispered hurriedly—

"Oh, look, there's the 'Horror'!"

I turned instantly, knowing that my face grew very red, and that the change was by no means likely to escape Miss Jolliffe's shrewd eyes.

As I faced him, he could not pass me, as he had evidently intended doing, without notice, but he raised his hat in a stiff, generally inclusive bow, and moved on very quickly.

I would not submit to this however—I broke from the little group, not even pausing to reflect what my companions would think, and ran after him a pace or two, forcing him to accept and shake the warm bundle of kid and fur that I thrust into his reluctant hand.

"Mr. O'Hara!" I cried breathlessly.

"Aunt Pris, you can thank Mr. O'Hara now for his double kindness to me."

I never saw bewilderment and embarrassment more ludicrously set forth than they were then in my aunt's homely features.

She looked to the right, to the left, anywhere but in the stern, set face of the man before her, and halted and bungled through a few disconnected sentences that, if they meant anything, meant only that she was anxious to end an uncomfortable scene.

Mr. O'Hara listened with cold and quiet attention till she had gasped and spluttered out her last word.

Then he politely assured her that thanks were as unnecessary as they were undeserved, that any service rendered to Miss Tempest was overpaid by Miss Tempest's own acknowledgment, and then with a farewell bow, which merely included me in its courteous sweep, he turned away and left us.

Decidedly my well-intended demonstration had been anything but a success.

Aunt was seriously annoyed.

The two girls were curious, and Paul, who stood bare-headed and very sulky-looking on the porch, favored me with an absolute glare.

I had done nothing to improve Mr. O'Hara's position, and could not even flatter myself that my own overtures had been too graciously received, and yet——

Ah, well, the one look of speechless gratitude with which he turned away paid me for all, and set my pulses throbbing.

"My dear Rita, were you very mad to-night?"

Aunt Pris did not put the question until we were nearly home.

Perhaps she would not trust herself to speak until her indignation had cooled down a little.

Now there was a suggestive quiver in her voice.

"No, aunt Pris; only grateful, and certain that Martin O'Hara is a wronged and innocent man."

I was even then almost ludicrously conscious of the absurdity of my position.

Aunt Pris saw the absurdity as well as I, and treated it trenchantly.

"Believe anything you choose, child, and think as well as you can of all people; but do not make yourself ridiculous by championing a man whom all around you condemn, and of whom you know nothing!"

After that we trudged on in silence; but, if aunt Pris thought she had altered either my opinion or my course of conduct, she was mistaken.

Whether she told aunt Patience of my escapade I could not tell, indeed I saw little of either of my hostesses until dinner-time, and then we naturally talked of nothing but Sir Hercules.

"It is a pity he could not come a little earlier," said Pris, with a nervous glance at the clock, as we sat, ready cloaked and furred, waiting for the carriage to come round.

"Nine o'clock is so very late for that child.

"I am not sure Sir Hercules will like it."

"Oh, yes!" I began clamorously—I was accustomed to have my own way, and I could with more show of reason fight for the privilege of welcoming my father than to establish the innocence of Mr. O'Hara.

Aunt Patience however interposed and nipped the promising dispute in the bud.

"Sir Hercules will like to find Rita waiting, Priscilla, and the night is beautifully fine."

Certainly there was no disputing the last clause of the sentence.

The night was cold indeed, and the snow still lay white and thick upon the ground.

The sky was an exquisitely clear soft gray, star-studded, and illumined by the daintiest of crescent moons.

We drove through a white world of dream-like mystic beauty, guarded by elfin shapes that thrust out tall blanched arms on every side.

The scene would have had strange charms for me at any other time, but I passed through it almost unobservantly that night filled with hope and fear on my outward way, with a deep and calm content as we drove back bringing my father with us.

We had met without the most distant approach to a scene.

Aunt Pris feared bringing me on that account, she knew very little of her niece or her brother-in-law.

Papa's "Well, Rita, how are you?"—not accorded to me until my aunt had been affectionately greeted, was as calmly pleasant as though we had parted on most amiable terms.

But I knew, as he stooped to kiss me, that I was forgiven, and that for an hour at least not even Clare Meredith could come between father and child.

We were not a noisy party as we rolled swiftly homeward through the moonlight.

Papa talked in his pleasant, modulated voice, but more to aunt Pris than me—of town news, scandals, and fashions, which the fashionable doctor was well versed, and in which the country lady was keenly interested.

I was well content that it should be so.

It was happiness enough for me to lie back and look upon the dear familiar face that of late I had only seen "as through a glass darkly."

Presently the carriage came to a sudden halt.

Papa let down the window to see the cause, and sprang quickly to his feet, opening the carriage-door at the same moment and preparing to descend.

"What is the matter?" cried aunt Pris and I in a breath.

"Is anything wrong?"

"Not with us.

"There is a dead or drunken man in the snow almost under the horses' feet. Keep your seats."

He walked off with the last injunction, which we of course promptly disobeyed.

If the stiff figure so blackly outlined on its snowy couch should be that of some victim to the vinous influence of the season—and to such, remembering my last night's adventure, I felt by no means charitably disposed—we could easily regain our seats, leaving papa and Johnson to dispose of him.

And if, on the other hand, it were some dead or dying fellow-creature, we should be at hand to render aid.

We were not long left in doubt as to the nature of the case.

The hand my father slipped beneath the heavy head was wet with blood when he withdrew it.

I saw with a shudder that, where he knelt, there was a crimson stain upon the snow.

Fetch the carriage-lamp, Rita."

I obeyed with mechanical promptitude, eager to be of use, but still more anxious to look upon that hidden face.

Something in the appearance of that deathlike figure had thrilled me with a keener and more personal pain than I had thought to feel at the sight of a stranger's suffering.

When I returned, when the clear stream of mellow light flowed across the anxious group and touched the ghastly face supported on my father's knee, I knew the reason of that foreboding thrill, and fell upon my knees with a sharp cry of severe pain.

"Oh, papa, he is not dead—you can save him still!"

My father looked up with some astonishment in his eyes.

I suppose he thought my hysterical vehemence misplaced.

I could not help it.

It seemed unutterably sad that Martin O'Hara should die while the cloud of mystery and suspicion still hung darkly round him.

"No, he is not dead certainly; but he is very badly hurt.

"There is a wound in the temple, and he has evidently been lying here some time, which is not in his favor.

"It is important to get him in as soon as possible, and——"

My father paused, looking doubtfully at aunt Pris.

I, knowing what he meant, seconded that mute appeal with all my soul in my eyes.

Wychfield Court was at least two miles farther on than Glen Archdale.

Could we not take the wounded man in?

Aunt Pris knew what we meant too, and her sharp kindly face twitched very nervously.

To any other man, were he the veriest stranger, the least prepossessing of the tramp tribe, she would have extended a prompt and unquestioning hospitality, but, although a good and tender-hearted woman, she was also narrow-minded, bigoted in her beliefs, and not a little superstitious, and it was not without a sharp inner struggle that she could bring herself to accept Martin O'Hara as a guest.

She did consent at last, however; perhaps our pleading looks were irresistible, perhaps there was an even more convincing eloquence in the closed eyes and mute white lips of the wounded man; perhaps the clear ringing notes of Minna Jolliffe's carol, with its sweet burthen—

"Peace upon earth, good-will to men," reached her ear and touched her tender conscience with a remainder of judgments unchristianly severe.

Certainly the peace of the time was in her voice and face as she said gently—

"Yes, we will take him back with us: Pat and I are capital nurses."

"I know that of old"—my father's look was grateful and kindly, something in the words seemed to melt the stiffness and constraint that had come between these two old friends—"and Rita is no unworthy descendant.

"But you know this poor man, I suppose?"

"Yes; he is our neighbor, Mr. O'Hara, of Wychfield Court."

"What!

"Not——"

"A look half of surprise, half, alas, of repugnance, finished the question more effectually than words.

Again I felt that burning desire to justify the man whom all around judged so harshly: but this time I curbed the imprudent impulse and only bit my lip.

"Yes, Martin O'Hara," said aunt Pris, with a confirmatory nod; "but, for all that we will take him in."

"Well, delay is dangerous," agreed my father, while I drew a long breath of relief.

And so in slow and solemn procession we bore the wounded man to the carriage, and drove gently homeward through the snow.

Short as the distance was, we were long in traversing it: the village bells were pealing out their jubilant welcome to the Christmas morn, the shrill-voiced carol-singers were out upon their nightly round, filling the clear crisp air with hymns of praise, when we drew up before the gates of Glen Aarchdale, and all but one stepped out into the snow.

"Welcome, dear Hercules!"

Aunt Patience came out upon the steps with face aglow and words of eager welcome; but her bright color faded rapidly, for, as her brother-in-law stooped to kiss her, she saw the blood upon his traveling-coat and wrists.

He explained the case in a few hurried words, and hastened back to help in bringing in the wounded man.

"You don't mind, aunt Pat?" I asked a little wistfully, for she had spoken as yet no word of invitation, and stood like a statue in the little nook under the branching antlers of the great stag's head.

She turned at the question.

And then I saw that the large soft eyes were full of tears.

"No, my darling. I was thinking of his poor father."

CHAPTER VI.

AND so the Christmas morning found the "Wychfield Horror" a guest beneath our roof.

That was my first thought, when I awoke the second was given to my dear father's coming.

There was such happiness in that, that I sprang up quickly, and donning my most becoming dress, a brown plush costume brightened with gold, hastened down-stairs hoping to be first at the breakfast-table; but I was disappointed, for he and aunt Pris stood together talking earnestly.

"I agree with Lipscombe and Hartopp," I heard my father say.

"The blow on the temple would not in itself be fatal.

"The long exposure in the snow will make recovery very doubtful.

"The best, he has a hard fight before him."

Lipscombe and Hartopp, our village doctors, had been called in because papa never cared to treat surgical cases, and I knew now what their report had been.

The knowledge was not cheerful, and I suppose I received with a sigh, for both the speakers turned round quickly.

"We were talking of your protege, Rita," said papa lightly.

Aunt will have her hands full, for he most certainly must not be moved for some time."

"There is plenty of room," aunt Priscilla observed.

"Then as she moved to the breakfast-table my father turned his attention to me.

"Well, Miss Runaway, do you think I have come to fetch you home?"

He pinched my cheeks as he spoke.

It was not the pinch that brought the rosy color to them, as I cast down my eyes and answered demurely—

"I suppose so, papa."

"Then you are quite wrong.

"I have been asking your aunts to keep you for a few weeks more."

I did not answer, there was a bitter drop in my Christmas cup after all, and I could only swallow it in silence.

It was not that I was unwilling to remain in the refuge I had sought of my own free will.

Glen Archdale was always a happy home to me, and I loved both my aunts well; but I knew what prompted this easy permission.

Once more Clare Meredith's face rose before me, blotting out the bright sunshine.

Nor did aunt Pris's well-intended words

make matters better, for when she observed cheerfully—

"Your papa is making some alterations in his house, Rita," I knew, without the uneasy blush that flitted across the handsome bearded face, that she meant my father was beautifying his house for his young bride.

"Very well, papa," I said as valiantly as I could.

"I did not know when I came away that I had only forestalled your wish."

Aunt Priscilla gave me a very warning frown.

My father looked pained.

For a moment only — he evidently thought my petulant outburst no more than the whim of a spoiled child.

"Well, I hope I have forestalled yours, Rita, in your Christmas present," he said with a gentleness that disarmed and wounded me, and then he placed before me on the table a small morocco case.

The jewels within, bracelet and earrings of my favorite opals, were exquisite in their soft misty radiance.

I could hardly see them for my big tears.

They were very costly very beautiful; but, did he expect Clare Meredith's bridesmaid to wear them?

That thought took all the grace from my thanks, all sweetness from the beautiful gift.

Fortunately for us my aunts were profuse in their admiration.

We gradually glided from the dangerous subject, and talked naturally enough of last night's adventure.

We heard of nothing else indeed through all that long dream-like Christmas Day.

When papa and I came out of church, we were surrounded by a curious crowd, and from early morning to late at night Glen Archdale was besieged by callers.

Our visitors were lavish of their condolences.

I think they really believed that the presence of this helpless and unconscious man would bring a curse upon us.

"But, my dear Sir Hercules, I cannot understand the story at all," said Mrs. Jolliffe appealingly.

"They say in the village that Mr. O'Hara has a wound in the head which is not the result of a fall."

"He has, and I think it is caused by a jagged bit of stone," answered my father, with a thoughtful frown.

"Has Mr. O'Hara any enemies in the neighborhood?"

"In the sense that he has no friends—yes; but I do not think any one here would injure him," replied the clergyman's wife hesitatingly.

"Some one has done it, at all events," my father rejoined gravely.

Mrs. Jolliffe only shook her head and gathered up her garments for departure, saying impressively as she shook hands with aunt Pris—

"Well, it is a mystery.

"You are good, charitable souls; but I wish you well rid of your guest."

The mystery, as Mrs. Jolliffe—whom I never liked so little as now—called it, did remain a mystery long.

Before the day was over, a village lad had rewarded the active and intelligent local constables' exertions with a piece of information so valuable that he was at once brought up to Glen Archdale to give it in the presence of witnesses.

Briefly told, it amounted to this—that he, Job Plumtree, pig boy to Farmer Hare "over yander," going home on the Christmas Eve, saw Mr. O'Hara walking towards Archdale Glen along the high road, and Peter Bullock, the most drunken and disreputable inmate of our rather decourse village, passing through the field that ran parallel to it.

"Squire were a mooving along taking no notice of nobody, and Peter he grinned and shook his fist at un through the trees."

This little demonstration only amused the lad, who was accustomed perhaps to see the unpopular Squire the object of unfriendly gesticulation, but when the man picked up a sharp flintstone and hurled it with all his strength at the passing figure, when the whizz through the air was followed by a sharp cry and a heavy fall, then Job took to his heels, too thoroughly frightened to await or try to ascertain results.

Being rebuked for keeping silence so long, Job knuckled his round blue eyes remorsefully, and admitted with many a blubber that—

"'E war a big coward, 'e wur"—adding in justification of his humanity, "that he din't think nowt could hurt Squire, who wur too wicked for that"—and offering as an explanation of his sin to conduct the officer to the public house where Peter Bullock was to be found.

He was found there, sodden with drink, by turns maudlin and defiant, and in either phase equally ready with confessions of his guilt.

"I take a double interest in my patient now, Rita," said my father.

"I did not know he had befriended you."

"Twice," I said earnestly.

"Oh, papa, do you believe that he can be a wicked man?"

Papa smiled indulgently, and smoothed back my brown hair.

"Feminine logic, Rita!

"'He is civil to me and therefore he can be bad to no man.'"

"But, looking at Martin O'Hara's face and head, I am inclined on the whole to share your incredulity as to his guilt."

"Do you think he will recover?"

"Oh, yes!

"He will want careful nursing.

"It is well that you are here to tend your wounded knight.

"And now, Rita"—with an entire change of tone and manner—"that we are alone, sit down like a good child, and let us discuss our private business."

I obeyed without a word, thankful for the deep dusk that even the leaping flame of the great Christmas fire only pierced partially.

I drew the velvet lounging-chair into the shadow of the great chimney-piece against which my father leaned, and I looked up into his handsome face with patiently attentive eyes.

For I knew what he had to say, and though I had trampled down my rebellious instincts, and determined that my will should yield to his, there was keen pain in the moment of submission.

He was a little nervous at first, but grew fluent and self-possessed as he proceeded to expatiate on the many virtues and graces possessed by his bride elect.

I listened in an unsympathetic silence while he enumerated the reasons that should make it easy and agreeable for Clare Meredith and myself to live together.

"She will not be the traditional step-mother, Rita," he said, with the persuasive, uneasy smile that had been fatally familiar to me since my father's engagement.

"She will be more like a sister to you, and she loves you already."

"So long as she loves you, and is good to you, papa," I said, with painful effort, "that is all I ask."

I do not think he noticed the sharp fear underlying my words, or, if he did, he chose to ignore it, and any doubt of his dear Clare.

He thanked me as warmly for my not too gracious speech, as though our positions were reversed, and I, the parent, had consented to the child's marriage.

"Then I shall return to town to-morrow, and you will remain here until the end of January."

"As you please, papa."

"Yes, I think it will be best; but, Rita, you will be present at the wedding."

"Not as bridesmaid, papa," I cried, rising and coming towards him in the agony of this the sole reservation I had made.

"I will come, of course, will do anything else you wish, but I could not be her bridesmaid."

I tried to modulate my voice, but there was a betraying bitterness in its ring—and to command my features; but my lips would quiver, my tears would fall flashing in the firelight; and as I stood clasping the velvet fringe of the chimney-piece I trembled with the intense repugnance that possessed me.

Who was it that invented the fallacy that men are melted by tears?

Mine only stirred my father to a cold displeasure.

"Very well," he said quietly.

"There is no need to distress yourself, you can do as you please; but I am glad that you consent to come."

I think we were both relieved to see aunt Priscilla in her mob cap and velvet dress, and the pretty afternoon tea-service on the silver tray, enter the room together; but my heart throbbed with indignant pain as I reflected that all my concession counted as nothing, because I could not, and would not, comply with Clare Meredith's cruel whim.

The next day my father returned to town: he parted very affectionately with my aunts, whose loyal adhesion to his side had evidently surprised and pleased him, and kindly enough with me; but we had no more private conversation, nor did he again seek to interest me in his plans.

Ah, well, it was only the shadow of the barrier that he was so soon to set between us for evermore!

"Do not forget to report the progress of my patient," was his last injunction, "though we may safely trust him to Lipscombe and Hartopp now."

It was well for me that I had so real and engrossing an interest as Martin O'Hara's illness, otherwise my life would have been so barren and empty, so utterly without pleasure in the present or hope for the future, that I might well have been tempted to lay the unprofitable burden down.

As it was, however, I shared with aunt Priscilla the more active nursing duties, and proved myself so efficient an aide de camp that when business called her from her post she had no hesitation in entrusting me with the sole command.

The illness was long and tedious; more than a week went by before there came the least gleam of conciousness into the painfully shining eyes.

The wound on the head was, as my father said, slight; but the long swoon in the snow induced the cold and fever that all but brought that darkly clouded life-story to a close.

I believe, when she began her nursing task, aunt Pris was inclined to think that would be the best end.

But it was odd to see how, as she robbed herself of sleep by night and comfortable ease by day, all the old prejudice and repugnance dropped from her, to be succeeded by a tender pitying interest in the man she nursed back to life.

I do not know which was the happiest—she, aunt Patience, or I—on the bright, spring-like January morning when our patient turned his gaunt face and eager hollow eyes to where we stood together in the deep embrasured window, and thanked us with a feebly recognizing smile.

"Thank Heaven!" cried aunt Priscilla fervently; and, as she had been among the most unrelenting of Martin O'Hara's foes, we thought it well that the spoken thanksgiving should be hers.

Our patient was too feeble even for curiosity at first, though there was a dumb wonder in the great blue eyes that followed our every movement like the pathetic look one sees in the eyes of a dog that, accustomed to ill-usage, does not understand a pat or kindly word.

That he should be among strange people and in an unfamiliar room was nothing, but that shrinking horror or coarsely expressed distrust should be replaced by tender care and sympathy, this was most passing strange and sweet.

At last one day, when Doctor Hartopp had just paid his visit, and he and I were alone in the room, he did ask a question.

I was busy working an intricate fern stitch in crewels, with my feet on the fender, and my thoughts far away, and he lay back with closed eyes, so perfectly silent and motionless that I thought he had fallen asleep.

Suddenly, however, his voice came to my ear in pleading utterence of my name.

"Miss Tempest, will you tell me how I came here?"

"Assuredly," I answered, laying my crewels down briskly, and well pleased to see him awakening to the practical realities of life.

"We found you lying wounded and insensible in the snow, and——"

"Like good Samaritans you took me in and tended me,' he said, finishing my incomplete sentence.

"I remember this very dimly"—touching his bandaged head with one thin hand.

"I was walking home on Christmas Eve. What is to-day?"

"Old Christmas Eve—the fifth of January."

"Twelve days!"

He drew a long breath and lay quite still, but, as I felt, watching me, for the next few minutes.

"Was I—shot?" he asked presently.

"Oh, no!" I said quickly, for there was a dreadful eagerness in the way he put the question.

"You were struck on the head by a sharp stone flung at you through the trees.

"Of course, every one knew that at that time of night such a thing could not have occurred accidentally."

"It was an accident," he interrupted, with sharp impatience.

"Indeed it was not, Mr. O'Hara!—search was at once made."

"It must be at once stopped," he began imperatively, then broke off with a half stifled groan and a muttered—"But of course it is too late."

"Yes, it is too late, for your cowardly assailant has been found and is safely locked up in jail!"

There was no answer.

I turned to look at my patient, and read such doubt and terror in the white face as altogether bewildered me.

Why should he be frightened by the thought that the perpetrator of a gross outrage was punished?

"Do you know who he was, and why he bore you a grudge, Mr. O'Hara?" I asked gently, moved to pity by his inexplicable pain.

"He?"—with a quick look of relief and strong emphasis on the personal pronoun.

"No; there is a general grudge against me, Miss Tempest.

"I know of no particular instance."

"Then you forget your own good deeds. It was the man whose impertinence to me you punished so severely."

I knew Martin O'Hara to be a handsome man, even in the premature age that had fallen on him—even wasted and worn and fever-stricken as he was; but I did not know how radiant the dark face could be, until that strange, sweet, and half pathetic smile transfigured it.

"I am glad of that," he said briefly.

"It was not much—it was done involuntarily; but—still—it is sweet to have suffered in your service."

"Mr. O'Hara!" I cried in tones of shocked remonstrance, bewildered, indignant and yet half inclined to cry with sheer delight over the insensate words.

He looked at me gravely—I wondered if he noticed how my color came and went—and said—

"Was I wrong to speak so? Then forgive me.

"But a man who has walked in darkness for four years must needs worship the first ray of sunlight that falls across his path."

After that, I said no more.

CHAPTER VII.

"IT can never be again then, Rita?"

"Never again, Paul."

There was earnest pleading in Paul Jolliffe's tone, passionless determination in mine.

That he had come back to his old love I did not doubt, and had not doubted for the last month; but mine for him, that frail fleeting fancy which I once deemed an imperishable passion, was the merest memory now.

I looked up curiously at the tall figure and handsome flushed face, and wondered at myself, recalling the by-gone pain and past idolatry.

He met the look, paused midway in the lane, and said jealously—

"You did love me, Rita?"

"I thought I did," I admitted honestly; though, remembering all he did to kill that love, I thought he might have had the grace to be silent; "but we were very young, Paul, and we were both mistaken."

"I was not," he said eagerly; and then perhaps my eyes were less generous than my tongue; he colored angrily and snapped the hazel-twig he carried sharply in two.

"I was mistaken," he went on in a lower tone, jerking the fragments of the stick across the hedge; but, Rita, it was not in my love for you—that was true enough."

"Oh, please, don't!" I interrupted piteously, for we had a long walk still before us, and it would be a terrible walk for me if he meant to argue this point all the way.

"We have buried our dead, Paul; there can be no possible resurrection.

"Let us swear a friendship over its grave."

I slipped my hand from out the sealskin muff and held it out almost imploringly.

I was in a sense very fond of Paul, and it grieved me to think we must be less than friends; but he took no heed of look or gesture—only repeated my words, with grim emphasis.

"No resurrection for me, you mean; but it may live for a worse man."

Why I should have blushed hotly and painfully I cannot say; but I did; and not so much with anger as with shame, though I answered the insolent speech angrily enough.

"You forget yourself and what is due to me, Mr. Jolliffe!

"If I owed you any explanation, I could say honestly that no man has spoken to me of love—since you and Clare Meredith met!"

"Or looked or acted it?" he said, with a sneer that merged swiftly into passionate earnestness.

"Rita, I swear to Heaven I could accept my punishment and let you go if I left you to a brighter fate; but to hear your name linked with that of—a more than suspected murderer!"

"Oh, Paul!" I cried in tones of piercing pain, not that the reproach overwhelmed me; but because I saw what he did not—Martin O'Hara standing close behind him, and knew that every word of that cruel speech had reached his ears.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Scientific and Useful.

COURT-PLASTER.—Soak isinglass in a little warm water for seventy-four hours, then evaporate nearly all the water by gentle heat, add to the residue a little proof spirits of wine, and strain the whole through a piece of open linen. The strained mass should be a stiff jelly when cool. Now stretch a piece of silk or sarcenet on a wooden frame, and fix it tight with tacks or packthread. Melt the jelly, and apply it to the silk, thinly and evenly, with a badger hair-brush. A second coating must be applied when the first has dried. When both are dry, apply over the whole surface two or three coatings of balsam of Peru. Plaster thus made is said to be very pliable and never breaks.

NEURALGIA.—A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* says: A very simple relief for neuralgia is to boil a small handful of lobelia in half a pint of water till the strength is out of the herb, then strain it off and add a tea-spoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid as hot as possible, and spread over the part affected. It acts like a charm. Change the cloths as soon as cold till the pain is all gone; then cover the place with a soft, dry covering till perspiration is over, to prevent taking cold. Rheumatism can often be relieved by application to the painful parts of cloths wet in a weak solution of sal soda water. If there is inflammation in the joints, the cure is very quick. The wash should be luke warm.

Farm and Garden.

CELERY AND CABBAGE.—A novel plan for setting celery and cabbage plants, which has several desirable points to recommend it, is to place them between the rows of your potatoes or sweet corn after the last hoeing. The growing corn or potatoes will afford a partial shade, which is very desirable at the time of setting the young plants and until they get fully established, and yet ripen, and can be removed in time for them to occupy the ground as a second crop. Two crops on one piece of ground with $1,10 worth of labor and manure will afford more profit than one crop on which $5 is expended.

THE COWS.—When cows gnaw rotten wood, old bones, etc., it is an indication that they are not getting phosphate enough. Milch cows rapidly exhaust land of phosphates, and in time pastures become so exhausted of this material that the grass produced does not satisfy the cows. There are two remedies: First, feed small quantities of bone meal to the cows twice a week; second, spread on the pastures 500 pounds of ground bone to the acre—this is much the best remedy, because it greatly improves the pasture by increasing the quantity as well as the quality of grass, and it is the most natural way to supply the wants of the cow.

A WATER GARDEN.—Fill a common tumbler with water, and then cut a round of cotton batting just large enough to cover the surface, and lay it upon the water. Over this scatter the seeds of grass, or mustard, or all mixed. Set the tumbler away in the dark. In a few days you will see a beautiful sight. Delicate, silvery, thread-like fibers will steal through the cotton and creep downward to the bottom of the glass, while the surface of the cotton will be a soft, glimmering mass of velvety green. Set this now in your sunniest window, and every day or two replenish the water by inserting more, with a tea-spoon or small syringe, under the edge of the cotton. A glass globe such as gold fish are kept in, is very effective for this sort of gardening.

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SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

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THE BURDENS OF LIFE.

The burdens of life vary according to one's position in society. The load which a rich man has to carry is very unlike that which rests upon the shoulders of the poor laborer. Each has his own cares and anxieties; one, because he possesses so much, and the other, because he possesses so little. The poor often envy the rich, and would be glad to change places with them; the rich sometimes say they envy the poor, but rarely propose to change places with them.

Every period of life has its own burdens. The petty trials of childhood are sometimes very hard to bear. But as we advance in years we get used to our burdens, and the habit of endurance, in a great measure, serves to lighten the load.

Human nature has a singular facility in adapting itself to circumstances. We presume that the operatives in a powder mill are about as cheerful as other people. The hardships of the sea are not of much account with sailors. People that work all the year in the dark bowels of the earth get used to the dreariness and darkness, and cease to miss the song of the birds and the fresh-blowing breeze. One would think life would be unbearable without a home, and yet the tramps go whistling on their winding and uncertain way.

There is a great difference in people, so far as the treatment of their burden is concerned. Some find relief in pouring the tale of their sorrows into everybody's ear, and others close the door of their souls and shut in their griefs, and allow no one to see their sorrows. In one case, the fire burns itself rapidly out; in the other it smoulders. The reticent man suffers more than the loquacious mourner; the coals will keep alive much longer when they are covered with ashes than they do when the air is allowed to come to them. The demonstrative mourner gets relief much sooner than the silent sufferer.

The capacity of people for enduring trials differs very much. A burden which crushes one man to the earth, another man will carry without any great effort. The wind that freezes one only serves to brace another. The difference may be constitutional, or the result of discipline, or both. All the burdens we carry either weaken or strengthen us. "To suffer and be strong," indicates the highest style of man. It is not well for one to go through life and carry no burdens. He can never find out what are his own capacities; he can never develop his best forces. No lofty summit can be reached without hard climbing. No victory can be won without a battle.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE central organ of the German Building Administration has lately come out with a warm recommendation of the "ideal cemeteries," such as exist in Boston, Brooklyn, and Cincinnati. It pleads for the introduction into cemeteries of swards, trees, flowerbeds, etc., around the graves, and advocates the idea of creating family tombs with appropriate tombstones and decorative gardening.

—

"AMERICANS OF ROYAL DESCENT," is the title of a book that has been recently published. It contains the (assumed) pedigrees of about one thousand citizens of the United States, who have, according to this authority, claims to royal blood. It should be added that English and French kings have been pressed into service for the purpose; Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and even Indian kings are utilized.

—

WE have always been opposed to female commencements, remarks a leading journal. The appearance of young ladies upon the stage and the reading of compositions before an audience, is an ordeal that ought to be spared them. It is entirely at variance with the habits, instincts, or sphere of woman. We do not believe the public sentiment approves it. In fact, we think female commencements must go.

—

AT an Allentown wedding most of the presents to the bride took the shape of money. She received one check for $1,000, another for $100, and then various small sums down to $10. This seems a very sensible arrangement. Wedding presents are frequently useless, even when costly, and when the money paid for them would be most acceptable to the young couple just starting out in life. There are some people, we are aware, who make a trade of buying so-called "duplicate wedding presents." The Allentown plan is a good one, and there is no doubt that brides and grooms would be pleased if it were generally adopted.

—

AN English justice recently sentenced a rural prisoner in the following words: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent, the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent, I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you 'guilty,' and it remains that I should pass on you the sentence of the law. That is, that you be kept imprisoned one day, and as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business."

—

THE church, as a profession, exhibits some curious anomalies in Great Britain. While favored vicars hold pluralities of parishes, and draw thousands of pounds per annum from districts they have never seen, we find the Bishop of Carlisle announcing that he has a vacant living at his disposal, viz., the incumbency of Wasdale Head, in Cumberland. The income is $400, but the population is only fifty. The Bishop says that he will be truly grateful to any one who will recommend him to a clergyman suitable for the post, and he holds out the prospect of the speedy erection of a suitable parsonage.

—

IT is thought that the reduction of the telegraph rate to sixpence in England will enormously increase the volume of telegraphic business. The announcement of the proposed reduction made the clerks of the Postoffice Department, which has charge also of the telegraph, shudder; and no wonder, for one of the first indications of what was before them was furnished by a celebrated firm of soap-makers, who promptly declared their intention of sending out 50,000 telegrams, by way of advertisement, on the day that the sixpenny rate went into effect. It is said that the use of the telegraph as an advertising medium has become a nuisance in England, even under the shilling rate.

—

"WHAT is the use of a shirt," says an overheated man, "especially a starched shirt, and more especially at a temperature like this? Two-thirds of our people conceal every portion of this garment. The bosom is hid by an imitation scarf—a bit of pasteboard covered with silk—a base imitation of a tied neckerchief. Not an inch of the starched bosom is exposed. The ends of the sleeves are supplemented by movable cuffs. So all the glories of the inner garment are hidden. For street use one might as well have none at all. The undershirt would do duty just as well. Of course every man wears this hidden and starched garment, so that if run over in the street and injured, and it was necessary to strip him, he would be spared the public disgrace of being found without a shirt."

—

CANADIAN jewelers complain that it has become almost impossible for them to compete legitimately with dealers in smuggled goods. They cannot pay duties on what they buy here and sell at a profit when the same things are delivered there at prices that are acknowledgment that they have not been paid. Smuggled goods reach Canada generally by way of Detroit, Buffalo, or Suspension Bridge. In the Canadian cities there are plenty of buyers who pay cash on delivery, and are, of course, enabled to undersell the honest dealers. This kind of smuggling is very seriously affecting the legitimate trade. Unless means are taken to prevent it, all dealers in Canada will eventually have to depend on the smugglers or go out of business. So bold have the smugglers become that they solicit orders, and agree to deliver goods free of duty.

—

SAYS a recent writer: "Woman joins in an insurrection against the universe when she acts as though her life were all involved in those few years covered by her personal beauty. Physical beauty is only one of the gifts of heaven to the daughters of earth. That form of worth may fade away into beauty of mind and heart, but it should be as dawn passes up into morning, and not as evening passes down into night. Woman is fully authorized by nature to make her 50th year as noble as her 16th, her learning, her conversation, her taste, her matchless purity, her infinite friendship, which has not enough worlds to conquer, being more than able to atone for the tints that have faded from the cheek. When physical beauty is made the aim of being, life is limited to about 20 years. Thus are 50 years left without an adequate reason of being, except that a part of the period was the approach to beauty, the other part a retreat full of humiliation."

—

LADY HABERTON, the English apostle of the "rational dress" and "divided skirt" movement, continues to lecture and agitate on the subject of female garments. The new skirt seems to be a sort of petticoat for each leg instead of an expansion covering for both extremities, and it has the great advantage of enabling its fair wearer to bestride the tricycle. Ladies wearing the rational dress are said to have traversed five hundred miles during the last cycling season in England, greatly to the benefit of both mind and body. An exhibition of health clothes—indorsed by Mr. Proctor, the astronomer, one of Lady Haberton's recent converts—has been opened in London, but the society belles object that the contrivances are ugly, and they will not wear them. The young ladies say they might as well die as be out of fashion, and the reformers declare that fashion, as it now exists, is the ally of death. What the result will be no one can predict, but it will be safest for the man to step to one side and let the women fight out this campaign for themselves.

—

THE Emperor of China has to maintain some seventy women in his establishment, in various capacities, and, like every other gentleman who has ladies under his protection, the duty devolves on him of clothing them. This would be a comparatively easy task were the fair ones of a reasonable turn of mind. But, unhappily for the Brother of the Sun and Moon, their extravagance is pronounced to be beyond all bounds. Two hundred and fifty thousand taels, which is more than one-half the land tax of the empire, were expended last year in silk, satin, gauze, velvet, red and gilt papers and pearls. It is said that one dress, which is in possession of an Empress, was covered last year with seed pearls, worked in so peculiar a manner as to have cost a fabulous sum. With respect to this robe there are great scorchings of heart. The Empress is aged, though the dress is new. If she die, according to custom it must be burned, supposing it to be in her possession at the time of her death. She refuses to part with it, and the idea of this wastefulness, coupled with the necessary great expenditure in the coming year, troubles the owner of the vermillion pencil exceedingly.

—

WHAT is the reason that women's presence and contact have a charm, subduing influence, or magnetic power, over the souls of men? A finely-organized man with his eyes shut can tell the difference between the presence of a male and a female. The male invades his personal atmosphere, or *aura*, as the Greeks called it, and the idea of a masculine human being is at once suggested; a female comes, and the subtle intuition teaches that a woman is near. Plato said that things are known by their opposites; Tennyson, denying that woman is undeveloped man, but a diverse being, says that the bonds of the sexes is "not like to like, but like in difference;" Grindon asserts a truth once denied, but now acknowledged by the best thinkers. "That there is a spiritual sex as well as a corporeal sex," and this is "one of the sublimest facts in human nature." Here, then, are three keys which ought to unlock the mystery. But there is something external to the magnetism of woman's soul. It is her dress, made on the curved line, and thus contradistinguished from that of man's, made on the straight line. Curves have the property of rustling, and as women impart their vitality to everything they wear more quickly than do men, and as their nature is more strongly imbued with the harmonies, it is not wonderful that there is music in the rustle of the petticoat.

A GIRL'S SECRET.

BY F. R.

Jenny and I were girls together,
Far in a little country town,
Heedless of dark or sunny weather,
Heedless of fortune's smile or frown.

Blithe as birds when the flowers were many
We lived our lives of frolicsome glee;
Never a secret had I from Jenny,
Never a secret had she from me.

Once we stood where the corn was glowing,
Flushed by the kiss of the setting sun,
We heard the cows in the farm-yard lowing,
And felt that the gladsome day was done.

And through the fields came a figure stately—
The neighbor's called him handsome Rob,
Jen's fair head just then bowed sedately,
And somehow my heart gave a rapturous throb.

Looks for me he had scarcely any—
Was ever passion like mine so sad?
For Robert had eyes for only Jenny,
And Jennie would hardly notice the lad.

But a stranger touched me on the shoulder,
That Jennie loved him I well could see;
And his whispered words but made me colder—
Alas, he had words for only me!

Ah, our path would be fair with flowers—
The birds would sing and the skies would shine—
If Will was only your lover, Jenny,
And handsome Rob was mine, not thine!

But since that night—the years are many,
And almost a pair of old maids are we—
Still I have a secret I keep from Jenny,
And she has a secret she keeps from me!

Mightier than Mammon.

BY RANDALL W. HAYLE.

"RAY!"

No answer.

"Ray!"

Silence.

Captain Charlie Clifford deliberately lifted his six feet of manhood out of a springless rep-covered easy-chair, and walked across the room—a tall manly-looking young fellow, in his dark tweed suit.

He paused at the window where a young girl sat, looking lazily out on the street below.

"Ray!"

"Did you speak, Cousin Charlie?"

Two saucily-demure brown eyes looked up into Cousin Charlie's angry blue ones.

"Did I speak?" in mild sarcasm.

"How suddenly interested you have become in the grocer's cart and the milkman's wagon, for, by Jupiter, that's all there is to be seen in this out-of-the-way street!

"Yes, I did speak, and for once, Ray, you must be serious and answer me."

"Very well."

Ray resignedly clasped her slim hands in her black merino lap, and looked up in Charlie Clifford's face with mocking, mischievous gravity.

His handsome eyes, very stern, very resolute, looked down on the pretty piquant face.

"Ray, will you marry me?"

"Charlie," in a tone of solemn funeral conviction, "I knew it."

"Knew it?"

"Yes," nodding gravely, and speaking with deliberate emphasis; "I knew you were going to make love to me, and I hate being made love to."

"Ray!"

"Yes, I do!

"That's the tenth time you've said 'Ray.' Love is a regular fun-killer.

"We've had such good times together, and now I suppose you will 'stride away,' like the hero of a novel, and I'll never see you again.

"Though why disappointed lovers should always 'stride away,' instead of coolly walking off, is more than I could ever understand.

"Can you, Charlie?"

She was striving to lightly laugh off that which she was afraid her intense nervousness would betray.

"This is no affair to be joked down, Ray," he said, a sad sternness in his voice.

"I love you dearly, and though I cannot give you wealth, but I can give you a cozy home.

"I am not rich, but I have a competency; and a competency with advancement within reach is almost prosperity.

"Come, put me out of suspense, dear—let my answer be 'yes!'"

He could only see the crisp waves of dark hair; the dainty drooping face was hidden.

She spoke at last, still without looking up, toying nervously with the crimson cord and tassel at her waist—

"Charlie, it cannot be 'yes'—you know that!

"Why," with a faint little laugh, "I like you too well to love you—in the way you mean.

"Besides——"

"Go on!

"Besides what?"

"Don't make me say it!" she cried passionately, all her feigned nonchalance of manner gone.

"Don't make me say the contemptible words, which are so horribly true, and for which I should despise myself—don't!"

She had risen and was standing before him, with scarlet cheeks and trembling lips, an angry child in her defiant rebellion.

Charlie Clifford folded his arms a little tighter together.

"Go on!" he said, in a tone ominously repressed and quiet.

"I at least should be privileged to learn the reason of my rejection."

For just a moment the girl's proud pretty gipsy face softened, and tears came very near the dauntless brown eyes.

For one moment only.

"Well, if you must know the truth," she flashed forth, it is this: I hate poverty—genteel poverty.

"I have known it all my life, and the only thing I ever got—my education—made me ambitious.

"As your—your wife," she hesitated a little over the fateful word, "I would be comparatively poor still. Don't—don't quite despise me, Charlie!" as she saw the scorn in his eyes; "I am not worse than most girls. And the escape from the treadmill and drudgery of a governess to wealth and luxury——"

"Oh, pardon me! Your logic reproves my stupidity.

"In fact, in my mad eagerness I had quite forgotten Harold Phillips's bank account, as well as a woman's philosophy.

"But remember, Ray, an honest man's love is ever above scorning. You are privileged to reject it, merely that."

"Charlie, Charlie!" she cried wildly out, "don't be so hard on me."

He smiled a little sadly as he turned to go.

"Hard on you?

"What right have I to judge the prospective queen of society."

He held out his hand with his usual friendly gesture.

"Congratulations from me would be a farce, Ray. I shall not offer them.

"Rob Daly and I go away to-night, and I probably shall not have another opportunity of saying good-bye!"

She looked up at him with eyes wide and startled, the warm color in cheek and lips surging treacherously back to her heart.

"Yes," he said pitilessly, "we may be gone several days.

"Make my adieux to your mother, will you, Ray?

"Once more, good-bye!"

And with that quiet friendly unimpassioned hand-clasp, he was gone.

* * * * * *

"We're going to have such a cozy evening all to ourselves, mother."

And Ray fluttered round the room, drawing the curtains, lighting the lamps, a trim pretty figure, in her soft grey dress, dotted here and there with knots of cherry-colored ribbon.

"You have not much to aid you in your task save deft fingers and good taste, my dear," her mother—a silver-haired old lady—said, as Ray began that perplexing process known to women as "turning" a dress.

"More successful than good materials and bad taste," cheerily. "Come in!"

A small stout man, a neighbor, red-cheeked, black-eyed, good-natured, opened the door.

"Good evening, ladies! Haven't—haven't you heard the news?" his florid face growing a trifle paler.

"Good evening, Mr. Croke!" nodded Ray, smiling. "Take a chair.

"What's the news? Mamma and I are so quiet we hardly know how the world wags."

And she laughed merrily.

"It's a railway accident," the man blurted out awkwardly.

"Fell down an embankment. I—I'm most afraid to tell you," bluntly.

With a quick fear, a vague sudden prescience of evil, Ray crossed over to where he stood.

"Give me the paper!" she said authoritatively.

Mechanically he handed it to her.

She glanced down the first column, then clutched the paper convulsively with one hand, her eyes wild and dilated, riveted in horror upon one line, one name.

Death-white and trembling violently, she flung the frail sheet aside as though it had stung her, and crouched back with wailing sob.

For in the awful accident list she had read the words—

"Charles Clifford, dead."

The following day, Ray Stanley stood before Harold Phillips, in his wealth-walled library.

A sadly different Ray from that of yesterday.

The bright childish *insouciance* was gone.

Her face was white as marble, her eyes burning.

She listened wearily to her wealthy suitor's protests and pleadings, with face cold and set.

"I can never be your wife, Mr. Phillips. Do you not see it is impossible? Yes, he is dead; but I will be truer in death than I was in life.

"I tried to persuade myself that falsity was truth; I strove to ignore in silence the love that comes to every woman but once in her life.

"I thought I had succeeded. Last night I discovered I was mistaken, and have come to tell you so."

She said the words as though they were a lesson she was bound to repeat.

"Forgive me, if you can; I am suffering a bitter punishment."

And with haggard, pallid cheeks, the poor child passed lonely home through the chill April dusk.

She went wearily into the shadow-filled parlor at home, and flung off her wraps.

"Yes, it's all over, mother," she said drearily, to a figure in the shade of the mantel piece.

"Harold tried to hold me at first, but I was resolute; so I am free.

"Oh, mother, mother!" with a passionate burst of tears, "why did I let him go? Dear Charlie! the noblest, best man——"

"Come, come now, Ray! I seriously object to hearing my epitaph before I'm dead; it's a trifle too suggestive," cried a tender cheery voice; and the figure in the shadow of the mantel suddenly assumed gigantic proportions.

"You let me go just for the pleasure of coming back, didn't you, my darling?"

And Charlie Clifford held out loving human arms to the penitent little figure before him: but with a wild cry, half joy, half fear, she shrank shuddering back.

"Charlie—is it Charlie?" in low awe-struck tones.

"Well now, that's what I call a sensible question," cried a thoroughly unghost-like voice.

"Did you think my name was Jeremiah? But Ray—Ray, my own darling!" springing to her side, and clasping her close in eager arms, "give me a welcome worthy of my love.

"I was on that fated train, but had got off two stations before the accident occurred. My name was recorded as that of some poor fellow who was killed.

"The fire has proved the true gold of your heart, my dearest, though it was a terrible test."

And Ray, sobbing joyfully on her lover's breast, knew that she worshiped a mightier god than Mammon, and that when a woman's heart speaks all other lips are dumb.

That Nephew.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

GLADYS, darling, I wish you would smile more kindly upon Bertram Wyland and less so upon Mr. March.

"Not but what I like one quite as well as the other, but while Bertram is independently wealthy, no one knows much about Mr. March."

The speaker is a motherly-looking lady whose genial smile contradicts the worldly spirit her words would seem to reveal.

Her niece, whom she calls "Gladys," is sitting by the window, her bright head bent over the work that covers her lap.

At her aunt's words she looks up, an expression of extreme surprise visible in her long-lashed violet eyes.

"Why, auntie, never before did I think you had a mercenary idea.

"Is it really you who are talking about wealth and all that?"

A little flush rises to the elder lady's face, as she replies deprecatingly—

"I am not mercenary, Gladys; but I do so want to see you settled advantageously, for you know that by the terms of your uncle's will I can make no bequests, and I have often thought, my darling, if I should die, what would become of you, brought up as you have been to every luxury. How could you conquer the world alone?"

Gladys's soft hand upon her lips checks her.

"Do not—do not talk of dying, auntie dear.

"Why, you are still a young woman, and never worry about me again, for I have youth and health, and I would not be ashamed to work, should it be necessary for me to do so."

"But, Gladys, you do like Bertram, do you not?"

"Yes, auntie, I like him very much."

And with this answer Mrs. Elmer is obliged to be content.

Ever since Gladys Alcott and her aunt came to the watering-place in which our story opens, Gladys had taken her position as the acknowledged belle of every gathering.

But among the many adorers who have sighed at her feet, two only of the number have elicited any response from her.

They are Bertram Wyland, her aunt's favorite, and John March, the young man "no one knows."

They are as different in appearance as their names are in sound.

For while Bertram is handsome, Mr. March is grave and thoughtful, but with a steadfast look in his brown eyes that suggests a more than ordinary character.

To tell the truth, in her own mind Gladys has not yet determined which of her two admirers she likes the best, though—as her aunt has already suspected—the balance is wavering in Mr. March's favor, when chance suddenly turns it the other way.

Of all things, Gladys dearly loves and admires heroism, a courage that would face undaunted any peril for a good cause, and something which her friend Ada Fleming tells her soon after the conversation with her aunt which we have recorded, causes her delicate lips to curve with sudden scorn.

A child while bathing in the sea, had ventured beyond her depth, and of two gentleman who were standing within view, one only, Mr. Wyland, had flown to her assistance, the other, Mr. March, turning and walking composedly back to the hotel, not even pausing to ascertain whether his comrade needed his aid or not.

"I never would have believed it of him—never," Gladys cries.

"How serious you are over it, Gladys," laughs Ada.

"I shall begin to think that you care for this Mr. March a good deal, or you'd certainly not take it so much to heart."

But Gladys did not respond to her badinage.

"I shall never respect him again," she said vehemently,

"Any one who could act in such a cold-blooded way is not worthy of respect."

As Gladys went back to the hotel, on her way she passed Mr. March, and caused that young man's heart to sink to zero by the cold hauteur of the nod which was all she vouchsafed him.

"Gladys, Mr. Wyland was here this morning while you were out walking with Ada," Mrs. Elmer said later, coming into her niece's room.

"Can you not imagine what his errand was?"

Gladys blushed, and her pretty head drooped a little.

So it has come at last—the time when she must decide whether she will take Bertram Wyland for her husband, or by rejecting him lose him out of her life entirely—even as a friend.

He has been a very agreeable companion, and she has enjoyed the hours spent in his society; then too her kind aunt looks upon him with such favor.

But yet, into Gladys' mind comes a memory of a pair of earnest brown eyes, which have long told her silently, though eloquently, how dear she is to their owner.

But she drives the thought away. John March can never be anything to her.

"He is coming to-morrow for his answer, dear," said her aunt's voice.

"What is it to be?"

"Auntie," Gladys said, "do you suppose Bertram thinks I am rich?—that I am your heiress? Ada tells me it is the general belief?"

"Why, child, what difference could it possibly make to one so wealthy as he?"

When Mrs. Elmer leaves her niece it is with a face beaming with gratification, for she imagines her pet plan is on the eve of prosperity.

That evening, too restless to sleep, Gladys steps out of her bedroom window upon the balcony, and seating herself by the railing, she leans her head upon her hand, and while her eyes wander over the moonlit sea, she gives herself up to the thoughts which crowd thickly int hoer mind, and of which the foremost is—

"Shall I please my aunt by saying 'yes' to Bertram to-morrow?

"Do I care for him enough to marry him, or is it only as a friend his society is so pleasant to me?"

Suddenly the wind wafts upwards to her ears some words spoken in a voice she recognizes.

"Congratulate me, Rollins, old fellow; I've played my game almost to the winning-point.

"To-morrow I have good reason to think the heiress will be mine, and it's lucky, for I've nearly come to the bottom of my money.

"Though, to tell the truth, I'm fortunate in more ways than one, for, besides the additional attraction, the girl's a dear tender-hearted little thing."

As Gladys bends forward she sees, walking slowly along, their backs to the balcony, Bertram Wyland and an intimate friend.

Her eyes have not deceived her. It is unmistakably he who has just spoken.

Every vestige of color leaves the girl's face as she re-enters her room.

Is there no truth in the world?

Are all men either cowardly or mercenary?

Hot tears rise to the young eyes as Gladys kneels down to give thanks to the Providence that has opened her eyes before her feet were allowed to wander into a path the termination of which would have been her life's wreck.

She does not fall asleep at once, not until almost dawn does "tired nature's sweet restorer" visit her couch.

Her eyes have been closed, it seems to her, but a very few moments, though it is in reality an hour, when she is awakened by a suffocating sensation and the appalling cry of "Fire!"

Springing to her feet, with trembling hands she wraps herself in her dressing-robe, which is near upon a chair, and rushes to the door, and opens it only to be driven back by the volumes of flame and smoke.

"Gladys, where are you?" some one calls, and just as she is falling, terrified, into unconsciousness by the dire peril which menaces her, a strong arm catches her.

But the fire gains such rapid headway that the halls are impassable, and darting to the window, John March raises it and calls for aid to the crowd below.

A ladder is quickly brought, and he descends in safety and lays his precious burden in her aunt's arms.

The inmates of the burning building are speedily made comfortable in a neighboring hotel, and there, the following morning, Gladys has two callers.

She is a trifle pale, but never has she looked so beautiful in Bertram Wyland's eyes as, in a few cold words, she refuses his suit, and he realizes that she is lost to him for ever.

A few hours later Mr. March enters the room his rival but so lately left.

He comes to bid Gladys good-bye, as he intends to leave for the city that afternoon.

He talks awhile and then rises to go.

"Good-bye, Miss Alcott," he says, taking her hand and looking down upon her with a yearning expression on his strong noble face.

"I would like to think that, though we may never meet again, you will sometimes give a friendly thought to me."

A soft color flits over Gladys's face as she answers—

"I shall never forget, Mr. March, that it is to you I owe my life."

The touch of her warm soft hand sent a thrill through all the young man's frame, and his resolution to go without bringing upon himself the pain of a refusal melted away.

"Gladys," he exclaimed, "I had meant to be silent, but I can hide from you no longer that I love you.

"Sometimes I have dared to hope you

cherished a feeling for me which time might deepen to something warmer, but of late you have been so cold my heart has failed me."

As she hears, and looks up into his earnest face, Gladys feels that what she heard could never be, and without pausing to think she frankly tells him all.

A glow of indignation overspreads his face as he exclaims—

"And that base act was laid at my door. Why, it was I myself who saved the child. Your informer sadly mixed matters.

"Ah, how much harm a few words can do.

"So that is the explanation of your indifference? Gladys," he said, coming closer to her side and striving to read the expression of the sweet averted face, "you say that you owe to me your life. May I not have your life's love for my reward?"

She draws herself a little away as she says—

"Before I give you your answer I want to tell you something.

"It is this, that I am not rich, as every one seems to suppose, for my aunt could not will her property to me if she wished to do so.

"It is to go at her death to——"

"A nephew of her husband's whom she has never seen, and who she thinks is even now in his English home," puts in John.

"Am I not right?" he says, answering Gladys look of surprise.

"Yes.

"But how did you know?"

"As I am John Match Elmer, that veritable nephew himself, I hardly see how I can help knowing.

"I came from England three months ago direct to your aunt's home, but found her gone, and upon inquiry, learning her destination, I immediately followed, thinking to amuse myself by making her acquaintance incognito.

"Now, Cousin Gladys, I am waiting for my answer."

When Mrs. Elmer learns the true state of affairs, her feeling of relief at the disappointment of her own plan is almost too great to put into words.

Gladys has never regretted her choice, for in her husband's protecting love her days glide by in one sweet idyl of delight and content.

A Street Singer.

BY PERCY VERE.

SHE was but a street-singer when Jack Desmond first saw and heard her, this dark-eyed beauty who now held the world of Rome at her feet.

The meeting had taken place some four years previously, and had been sufficiently romantic even for an Italian story.

He was an Englishman, rich and cultured, making the tour of Europe for the third or fourth time, when one evening, sitting on the little balcony jutting out from his room at a quiet inn in a small Italian town, suddenly a delicious voice had broken into delicious music.

It was a voice without cultivation, but of rare and marvellous quality.

He leaned eagerly forward to try and catch a glimpse of the songstress.

She stood on the pavement beneath, a tall, slim girl, whose lustrous, dark eyes were upraised to the place where he sat.

Music was Jack Desmond's passion.

As yet, though he had lived thirty years, it had been the only abiding love his life had ever known.

"By Jove!

"Such a voice, and a street singer!" he thought to himself as he listened.

"Are the ears deaf which hear and do not heed?"

When the girl paused he addressed her in her own liquid tongue.

"Will you come up here a moment, my child?" he said kindly.

"Your music pleases me. I wish to reward you."

She bowed her head in assent; and soon a timid knock at the door of his room announced her presence.

He threw it open, but started back, amazed.

The girl was possessed of wonderful beauty.

Her face, oval in shape, was entirely colorless save for the rich crimson of the exquisitely curved lips.

Her hair swept back in low, rippling waves of raven blackness from the low brow.

Her eyes were not black, as he had fancied, but perfectly blue, large and liquid, and full of an infinite sadness.

He took her hand and drew her across the threshold.

"Will you answer me a few questions?" he asked, "and believe them not prompted by an idle curiosity?"

"The signor is very good," she answered.

"What does he wish to know?"

"Why, with such a voice and such a face, you sing in the public streets?"

"I have no money, signor. I sing to live."

"But your parents?"

"Dead!"

"Your relations?"

"Dead!"

"You are alone?"

"All alone, signor," and the girl sighed heavily.

"How, and where do you live?"

"You have seen the how!

"Where?

"In a tiny room, in a poor place one must know well to find."

"It should not be.

"It must not be!" he added to himself.

But Jack Desmond was not one to act on impulse alone.

He now put his hand into his pocket, and drew therefrom a gold piece.

"Take this," he said, thrusting it into the slim, brown fingers, "and to-morrow night come again.

"I may have a plan to propose to you."

The girl's face slightly flushed.

With a gesture, almost like pride, she offered back the gold.

"It is generous, signor, but it is charity. My song did not deserve so much."

Desmond laughed as he put back her hand.

"Why, child, the day will come," he said, "when men would pay a fortune for your smile!

"Adieu until to-morrow."

She bent then, and ere he could divine her impulse, she snatched his hand a moment to her lips, then turned and fled.

The man slept little that night, but when morning dawned he had determined on his purpose.

He was rich.

To gratify a caprice was to give life new zest, and this, his latest caprice, bade fair to be an interesting experiment.

So, when the girl came again, he unfolded to her his plans.

For three years she was to study, at his expense, then under his patronage she was to make her debut.

After that, if she felt her debt to him burdensome, she might repay it as she would.

All that he now asked of her was to work hard and realize his dreams for her success.

Would she do this?

She was very quiet in her gratitude, but her voice trembled with unshed tears as she uttered her simple words of thanks.

The next month her new life had begun.

Hard and difficult work lay before her, but she never faltered.

Night and day she studied.

Her education in other matters—also entirely neglected, for she had been but peasant-born—she strove to remedy in every spare moment she could snatch from her music.

But in the end she triumphed.

She spoke like a lady, was well versed in all the simple accomplishments, and sang, the professor said, 'like an angel.

They could teach her no more.

She would have a continent to pay her homage.

And there was prophecy in their words.

In a private box, out of sight of the vast audience, Jack Desmond, on the night of her *debut*, listened with flushed cheek and parted lips to the enthusiastic plaudits which marked her reception, and saw the flowers rain at her feet, and knew her hour of trial was her hour of victory.

Again and again the house recalled her.

Shouts of "Brava!" rent the air; but through it all the blue eyes never lost their look of sadness which so strangely marked them, save once, and then as she raised them to that seemingly empty box, and sent one glance which said more plainly than spoken words—

"It is you, not I, who are the worthy recipient of all this. It is you to whom I owe it."

At that moment Jack Desmond's heart beat with a new and marvellous thrill.

In that moment Eleanor had ceased to be merely the singer; she was the woman.

Night after night of her engagement found him in his accustomed place.

Night after night he looked for that one glance which showed him he was expected.

Day after day he spent long hours beside her.

At the end of the first month that she sang she handed him a paper.

It represented three-fourths of her earnings.

It would repay him for one year of her expenses.

He would have refused it, but with tears in her beautiful eyes, she begged him to accept it.

"I owe you so much—all, all! Think of it!

"Let not my debt, then, have the added weight of money."

So, to please her, month by month he let her liquidate her claim.

"I will find a means to make it useful to her," he thought, and laid the money by in the form in which she gave it.

At the end of six months he returned again to England.

He could not forget her if he would.

The journals rang with stories of her marvellous triumphs and successes.

They could find with her but one fault.

She was cold, cold as ice.

She had been offered the coronet of a marquis, a prince had sued for her hand, but all in vain.

He remembered then his idle words, that one day soon would yield a fortune for her smile, and wondered why it gave him pleasure to have proved them true.

Could it be that he, Jack Desmond, loved this woman?

With the question came the answer—Yes!

Yet, though dukes and princes might lay their rank and title at her feet, he hesitated.

He remembered that long-ago night when she had sung in the streets, and his pride rose up an insurmountable barrier between them.

Still, he hastened to Rome, where she was singing.

She welcomed him as he knew she welcomed no other, but of his love he breathed no whisper.

His proud old name he had ever sworn should be borne but by a woman who might give equal heritage to its future possessors.

For the first time the sad look in her eyes troubled him.

Why did it ever linger there?

One night, after the opera, he had accompanied her home.

They were alone a moment in her parlor, filled with fragrant flowers and innumerable offerings laid at her shrine.

She wore a thin white dress, when, in reaching her arm upward, the material caught in the flame of a candle and blazed upward.

She uttered a slight scream, and stood paralyzed with terror.

He tore off his coat and threw it about her.

It was all the work of an instant.

With but a few slight burns, she was unharmed.

But as he held her in his arms, closely to his wildly beating heart, he knew that sophistry and false reasoning lay in the ruins of his pride at his feet—that he was but man, and she but woman, with the glorious dower of her beauty and genius; and that, to gain her, he would count the world well lost.

"Eleanor!" he said, in a low, suppressed whisper.

"My love! my wife!"

But, if she had waited for these words, she heard them not.

She had swooned upon his breast.

The next day, she could not see even him, so carefully must she rest, to be able to undergo the evening's performance.

Each hour now which delayed the telling of his love dragged into an eternity.

He longed to see the marvellous eyes, forget their sadness, and to hear the sweet lips murmur "Yes" to his wooing.

Evening came at last.

As usual, the opera-house was crowded.

More lovely than ever she appeared at the stated time.

The exquisite voice had lost neither strength nor sweetness.

He had come to the front of the box to-night.

He wished not to lose a single gesture.

His glances devoured her. The opera was almost finished.

It was at the close of the third act of "La Somnambula," and Eleanor was singing the song of praise and thanksgiving which is so beautiful a test of vocal skill.

Higher and higher rose the lovely voice, as she advanced to the front of the stage smiling at the audience, when suddenly her voice broke.

A man, clad in a common seafaring dress, had carelessly strolled into the building, and strangely enough admitted into the better portion of the house. On him her glance rested.

Her face grew deathly pale. Her hands clasped convulsively.

Then she stretched out both arms towards him, in sight of all that wondering people.

"Pierre! Pierre!" she cried, and oh, the matchless longing, the exquisite joy of those two simple words!

Then, recovering herself, she took up the strain where she had dropped it, and ended it in a burst of melody which seemed scarcely human.

Like one man the house rose to their feet; but the sailor stood as if carved in stone.

Like one walking in his sleep, Jack Desmond left the place.

What did the scene mean he just had witnessed?

From one source only might he learn; yet he dared not seek the truth.

Merciful Heaven! even this torturing suspense were better than the more torturing certainty.

But next morning came a tiny note containing but three words—

"Come to me."

She was waiting for him.

"Have I done wrong not to tell you?" she began.

"Ah, but I thought I never should see him more, my Pierre!

"He loved me; but he was poor, and I had no dower, so he went to sea, and I sang, that I might save enough to marry on his return.

"He did not come.

"I thought he had forgotten me; but last night I saw him.

"I am rich now—very rich. We can marry.

"Oh, tell me! are you not glad for me?"

For a moment the man's heart beat to suffocation.

He who loved her so well to give her to this man of the people, whom she preferred to him.

Yet might it not be that she did not know her own heart? He forced himself to calmness.

"Eleanor," he said quietly, "remember your lover is where you left him. You have soared far above him. May you never regret your choice?"

"With Pierre?" she questioned proudly. "Ah, night and day through all these years I have dreamt of him."

"You have loved no other?"

"None."

And as she spoke she raised her eyes to his.

But the veil of sadness had dropped—they were lustrous with their new-born joy.

They answered him more fully than her spoken words.

But going out from her presence, Jack Desmond knew that the sunshine had gone out from his life.

The shadow from her eyes had fallen upon his.

Well—he had guarded his secret thus long, he would guard it to the end.

Surely his experiment had been a grand success, yet over his own life it had written failure.

Dolly Brooke.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

NO!" sighed Mr. Frank Bellow dejectedly, as he mixed a little burnt umber on his palette for the nut-brown tresses of the "Maid Marian" that he was putting on canvas, "she don't love me! She can't!

"No woman ever treated a man so, if she cared two straws for him."

But it was not of "Maid Marian" he was thinking.

It was of Dolly Brooke, the pretty girl whose mother had rented the old house at the corner of the street, and whose eyes were so blue and sparkling, and yet so cruelly cold.

He had been introduced to her, and had met her a great many times that winter.

He had even danced with her at the county balls, held her hand in the Caledonians, and stood beside her in the Scotch Reel.

He did not think, from her manner, that she absolutely disliked him, but he was very sure that she did not care for him.

And this unreasonable young artist made himself miserable accordingly.

"She is such a darling!" he said to himself.

"Such a human rosebud, with coloring in her hair such as Titian never dreamed of, and eyes that Salvator Rosa would have painted in ultra-marine, with sea-blue shadows!

"But where is the use of my mooning about her?

"I'd better accept Raymond's offer and go to Rome with him, even if I have to starve there in a garret.

"Art will perhaps smile on me, but Dolly Brooke never will."

And he painted on, resentfully daubing away at "Maid Marian's" round nose, with a heart as heavy as if it were moulded in lead.

While at that very moment Dolly Brooke was dusting the parlor at home, with her head tied up in a blue cambric house-cap, and her lovely cheeks heightened with true feminine exercise; while Norah, the help, stood meekly in the doorway, with a scrubbing-brush in her hand.

"A letter from Mike; and if you'd please to answer it, miss, for not a wurred can I write!"

Dolly left off polishing the base of the little statuette of Ceres, and looked at Norah with a prettily-puzzled expression on her countenance.

"But, Nora," she said, "how absurd all this is!

"How can I answer Michael's letter? How shall I know what to say to him?"

"Sure, miss," said Nora, "an' that's 'asy enough.

"Just tell him, in fine, scholarly writing miss, that I love him with all my heart.

"That's what I want him to understand, miss; for, sure, he ain't quiet in his mind about it, an' he's 'way off in County Roscommon, Ireland."

"Very well," said Dolly, half smiling at the idea.

"I'll try.

"Come to my room in half-an-hour, Norah."

And Dolly inexorably locked out her two little brothers, who were enraged at their being debarred from "the fun of hearing Norah's love-letter."

"Go about your business, boys," said Dolly severely.

"It's no affair of yours."

Johnny and Billy looked indignantly at one another.

"We'll serve her out!" said Johnny.

"We'll let her know!" enigmatically responded Billy.

And these young lads, with their chins balanced on the garden wall, like Raphael's cherubs, betook themselves to throwing stones at the cat, while they consulted as to the special variety of Nemesis which should be visited on Dolly's unconscious head.

"I've got it!" said Johnny, smiting his leg at last.

"Eh?" said Billy.

"We'll make an April Fool of her?" said Johnny.

"Yes; but how?" said Billy.

"Ah—h—h!" said Johnny. "You always was a softy, Bill.

"I'll tell you by-and-by."

* * * * * *

"Now, Nora," said Dolly, seated at the table, with the fresh sheet of paper, the new steel pen and stand of violet ink before her, "how are we to begin?

"'Dear Mike?'"

"Sure, miss," said Nora, who was standing respectfully near the door, with a clean calico apron, "an' ain't that too plain like?

"Make it a little sweeter, miss—the saints be good to you!

"An' just tell him I love him true, though I haven't told him so before, an' I'll be constant to him to the wurreld's end!

"There!"

"Very well," said Dolly, contracting her brows.

"Keep still for a few minutes—very still, mind."

And Norah, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, scarcely dared to breathe, until at last Dolly flung aside the pen and pushed back her chair, reading out what she had composed with all the grace of rhetorical effect.

"Will that do?" she asked.

And Norah clasping her hand in delight, answered—

"Ooh, miss, an' book-print itself couldn't be finer! an' if ye'll sign it 'Your own true love,' Mike'll know who it is, true and certain."

"There is mamma's belt," said Dolly suddenly.

"Run, Norah!

"We'll enclose the letter in an envelope, and post it after dinner.

"There has been quite enough time wasted in love-letter writing already."

And then she sat down and fell into a sort of half-conscious reverie.

"All the girls have lovers," she said to herself.

"Even poor Norah, who can neither read nor write!

"They all have lovers except me.

"Oh, I wonder how it would seem to have a lover?"

And instinctively her thoughts wandered off to Frank Bellew, the handsome, pale browed young artist, whose studio was in the next street.

"Ah!" she pondered, "he thinks of nothing but his art!

"He has no time to dream of love.

"And if he had, I am scarcely vain enough to fancy that he would care for me."

And Dolly cried a little, she did not know why.

But when she came upstairs after dinner, the love-letter was gone.

Dolly looked around with a frightened face.

The casement window was open a little way to admit the fresh March sunshine, and she could only imagine that the breeze had whirled the sheet out of the open window.

"Poor Norah!" thought Dolly.

"She shall not be disappointed."

And so she sat down and wrote it all over again as nearly as she could recollect the impassioned phrases, enclosed it in an envelope, and directed it.

And then she herself carried it to the post-box at the corner, directly under the windows of Bellew's studio.

While Billy and Johnny in the woodshed at the end of the garden were giggling over the first copy of Norah's tender effusion.

"We'll kill two birds with one stone," said Billy, whose rancor had been heightened by Dolly's refusal to give him three helpings of raspberry jam at dinner.

"We'll make an April fool of that Bellew fellow that comes prowling around to see Dolly, and we'll play a jolly game on her!"

And Johnny, sitting hugging his knees on the floor, chuckled aloud at the prospect.

* * * * * *

The first of April dawned chill and bleak and showery, like anything but the bright precursor of spring, and Mr. Bellow was just sitting to work on "Maid Marian" when the postman rapped very loudly at the door, and a letter directed in Johnny's schoolboy chirography was handed in to him.

Bellew broke it open in some bewilderment, but his face lighted up when he saw the well-known writing within.

What! had he carried a scrap of Dolly's writing—the mere formula for some society game which they had played at her house—around in his breast-pocket for six weeks not to know it now?

It read—

"My Own Sweetheart,

"I am resolved at last to cast aside all false pride, and confess how dear you are to me.

"If it lowers me in your opinion, I can but accept my lot in silence.

"But if you will write to tell me that your heart indeed responds I shall be the happiest girl alive.

"And so I sign myself

"For ever Your Own True Love."

Which latter somewhat abrupt fashion of ending had been the result of Norah's fervent entreaty.

"He'll like it best," she had said—"he will indeed."

Frank Bellew read the letter over once, twice, three times.

"Am I really dreaming?" he asked himself.

"The sweet darling - she has read my secret soul!'

"I must have worn my heart on my sleeve!'

"Write, indeed!

"I will go to her at once—this hour, this second!"

Mr. Bellow rushed straight to the old house.

Dolly was trimming her hyacinths, at the window in a bewitching little pink morning dress.

"Mr. Bellew!" she exclaimed, with the prettiest surprise, as honest Norah, with her face one broad smile, showed him into the parlor.

"Dolly!" he exclaimed, breathlessly, holding out both hands—"my own darling!"

Dolly turned pink and then pale.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Bellew," said she.

His countenance fell.

"Didn't you write this letter?" he demanded, holding it out, with a blank expression of face.

"Yes," said Dolly, glancing over it in amazement.

"I wrote it.

"But I don't know how it came in your hands!"

"You sent it to me!" cried the excited artist.

"No, I didn't!" cried Dolly, bursting into tears.

"As if I could ever send such a letter as that to any gentleman!"

"I—I don't know how you could think so ill of me as that!"

"Dolly," faltered poor Frank, "didn't you mean it?

"Don't you really care for me?"

"Whether I meant it or not don't signify," sobbed Dolly, with her pretty face still hidden behind her pocket-handkerchief.

"Oh, but it does!" said Frank Bellew, gently obtaining possession of one of her hands.

"Because I love you very dearly!

"And if you won't love me back, a very little, Dolly, I shall be wretched all my life!

"I didn't think I ever should have had courage to tell you this, darling, but now I feel so brave that I am determined not to leave this place without a definite answer."

How they settled it nobody ever knew precisely, not even Billy, who had his mischievous little ear glued against the keyhole, in a gleeful anticipation of a jolly old time.

But he scampered downstairs, three steps at a time, to where Johnny was labelling a lot of "April Fools" for the decoration of the backs of passers-by.

"Johnny," said he, "the thing has not worked at all.

"She wasn't mad.

"He kissed her, as sure as you're alive, and she kissed him back; and he put a ring on her finger."

"Pooh!" said Johnny, "I've no patience with such trash.

"Look here, Bill, I've printed fourteen of them.

"Don't you think that will be enough," he said.

When Mr. Bellew went away feeling as if he were treading on air, Dolly came down into the wood-shed, where her young brothers eyed her like convicted criminals.

"Boys," said she, "I have found you out.

"I saw Billy's writing on the outside of that letter which was posted to Mr. Bellew."

"It was only an April Fool, anyhow, muttered Billy.

"No fellow thinks anything of that," added Johnny.

"You did very wrong," said Miss Dolly Brooke.

"But you are two darlings—and I love you ever so much."

And she kissed and hugged both the young reprobates, and then ran away upstairs, quite unaware that the artful Johnny had succeeded in affixing a large placard to the back of her dress.

"Girls always are April Fools when they fall in love," said the juvenile misanthrope.

Nor was he altogether wrong.

But perhaps it was worth the obloquy of the thing to be so very happy as was Dolly Brooke.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.—The use of the mop in washing dishes will be found a saving of the hands, and hotter water may be used. You need scarcely touch the water except at the last to wash the table and pans. Have a pan of clear hot water, in which dip each dish as it is washed; in another pan or shallow tub put a cup or two, and over that turn the saucers, plates, etc., to drain, and by the time you are ready they will be nearly dry, needing only a touch from the towel, saving both of time and towels.

For washing vegetables, procure from a five-cent store a small scrubbing brush, which they call a nail brush. You will find it a great help in removing the dirt from potato eyes, etc.

A holder is a necessary article, and catches much dirt about the stove.

Make them of any old piece of woo'en. Then make a cover of some dark material.

Cut a piece sixteen inches long and six wide, fold over six inches and sew in form of a bag, sew the end of the remaining three inches together, to make a point, fold that over and button to the bag, add a loop at the corner, and put in your holder.

When you sweep a room, take down all the little articles, as brackets, vases, easels, etc., dust carefully lay them on the table and cover them with a cloth.

When the sweeping is done and the large articles dusted, you will be relieved to have these ready to return to their places.

When brushing and combing your hair, have a large newspaper spread on the floor.

Loose hair is much easier to remove from that than the carpet.

ANY person may make a mistake, none but a fool will stick to it.

Useful Knowledge

To worry about my Liver, Kidneys or Urinary Troubles, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, Hop Bitters never hears of a case where cure is possible. We know this.

New Publications.

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Jarl's Daughter; and other novelettes, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Kathleen," "That Lass o' Lowries," etc., is just published. All have a strength and individuality, which proves the author's skill, who has also the faculty of depicting characters with great accuracy; and it is a pleasure to read such good stories as these. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

MAGAZINES.

In the *North American Review* for July, President Julius H. Seelye writes of "Dynamite as a Factor in Civilization." In "The Last days of the Rebellion" Lieutenant-General P. H. Sheridan recounts the operations of the cavalry divisions under his command during the week preceding the surrender of Lee. William S. Holman, M. C., makes a striking exhibit of "The Increase of Public Expenditures." "Democracy and Moral Progress," by O. B. Frothingham, is a philosophic forecast of the probable outcome of "government by the people themselves." Z. R. Brockway, Superintendent of the Reformatory at Elmira, N. Y., points out some "Needed Reforms in Prison Management." Thomas Sergeant Perry writes of "Science and the Imagination," Geo. E. Waring, Jr., of "Sanitary Drainage," Dr. Isaac T. Corry of "Cruelty to Children," and finally there is a Symposium on "Church Attendance"—the question whether the churches are growing to be less of a power for good now than in former times—the symposiasts being "A Non-Church-Goer," Rev. Dr. Hayes Ward, Rev. Dr. James M. Pullman, and Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

The contents of *The American Journal of The Medical Sciences* for July, 1883, contains among other interesting matter the following original communications of memoirs and cases. Cases of Lesions of Peripheral Nerve-Trunks, with commentaries, on Contusions of the Brain and of the Spinal Cord, A Demonstration of the Feeble Influence of Iodine over Malarial Fevers, The Field of Vision, Some Points in relation to the Diagnostic Significance of Immobility of one Vocal Band; with especial reference to Anchylosis of the Crico-Arytenoid Articulation and Aneurism of the Arch of the Aorta, A Case of Primary Monomania, Report of Eight Cases of Coxalgia, etc., etc. Henry Lea's Sons, Publishers, Pa.

The Popular Science Monthly which is the best magazine of its kind published in any land has the following contents for July. The Railroad Problem in the United States. By George Iles. The Remedies of Nature.—Dyspepsia. By T. L. Oswald, M. D. Darwin and History. By Professor T. H. Huxley. Machines Driven by Solar Rays. By C. Tassander (Illustrated.) The Great Bridge and its Lessons. By Abram S. Hewitt; Selections in Grain-Growing. By James Chesterman; The Cause of Sea Sickness. By Robert W. Lovett. Motors for Power and Electricity. By C. Norman Boys, Esq. (Illustrated.) The Chemistry of Cookery. By W. Mattieu Williams; Insectivorous Plants. By Sallie L. Andrew (Illustrated.) Constructive Elements of the East River Bridge. By F. A. Fernald. The Industrial Position of Women. By E. Blackwell, M. D. African Psychology. By Max Buchner; Sketch of Dr. William Farr. (With Portrait.) Correspondence, Editor's Table, The Back-down of Dr. Dix.—Opening Day of the Suspended Highway.—The Tyndall Scholarships.—Progress and the Home. Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., New York. Price 50 cents.

Lippincott's Magazine for July is published as a midsummer number, and the table of contents is a highly attractive one. "Alpine Dairies," an illustrated paper, by S. H. M. Byers, United States Consul at Zurich; "British Land-Owners and American Competitors." By Arthur Granville Bradley, son of the Dean of Westminster; In an interesting article on "New York Clubs, C. B. Todd recounts the history and characteristic features of the principal institutions of the kind, "My Asylum Life," by a Physician, is a curious revelation of the writer's experiences. Dr. C. J. Stille, late Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, describes the condition of "Women in Ancient Greece and Rome," "Recollections of Gettysburg Battle," by a Company Officer, is one of those simple narratives, that gives most vivid glimpses of the scenes and incidents of the civil war, "Monsieur and Mademoiselle," an illustrated story in five chapters, by the author of "Phyllis," "Mrs. Bawn," the well-told tale of one of the chief attractions of this number to a host of readers. Miss Thackeray's serial, "The Jewel in the Lotus," maintains its high interest. "A Good Fellow," by W. O. Bates, is a well written and pathetic story and "Sadon's Avatar," as a capital bit of character-draw-

ing. Among the poems in the number, "Love Has Deceived Me," by Stuart Sterne, exhibits remarkable talent. The "Monthly Gossip" contains, among other short papers, some interesting recollections of John Howard Payne, with extracts from his unpublished letters. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price 25 cents per copy.

The July Wide Awake is welcome with its two seasonable stories, "How They Celebrated," by Ada Carleton Stoddard, and "A Hero," by Mrs. Frances A. Humphreys. "A Day with Rags, Tatter & Co," is a description of the processes at a romantic old paper-mill at Franklin, N. H., and is accompanied by twenty-four drawings made at the mill, by W. P. Bodfish, who is also furnishing the graphic Picture Serial, "Through Spain on Donkey-Back," three pages of which appear in this number. Another feature of interest to everybody, in this issue, is a portrait of Kate Greenway. Mrs. Diaz's John Spicer Lecture is excellent, and the Next Neighbor's talk to Anna Maria upon "Keeping the House Cool" is invaluable, and the "Pleasant Author" this time, is Dinah Muloch Craik. The number, as usual, is rich in poems, most of them charmingly illustrated, among them "Rainbow," by Celia Thaxter, "The Long White Seam," by Jean Ingelow; "Teddy, the Tosser;" a rollicking Velocipede story by M. E. B. (Mary E. Blake.) $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

All our art-loving readers should if possible subscribe for the "Illustrated Magazine of Art" which is the best of its kind published. The issue for August contains a large number of articles all of which are splendidly illustrated. Among them are the following: Henry Irving as Hamlet; A Painter of Prettiness; A Royal Martyr; Greek Myths in Greek Art; Bust of Fielding; Current Art; The Artists at Middleton Camp; Polichinelle; Wright of Derby, with four engravings, etc., etc. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York. Price 35 cents per number.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following contents for August. Changes in New England Populations, The Anarchy of Modern Politics, Rank and Title, On Radiation, The Little Missouri Bad Lands, (Illustrated.) Technical Education, The Remedies of Nature, Climatic Fevers, Association of Colors With Sounds, The Formation of Sea-Waves, Mental Capacity of the Elephant, The Chemistry of Cookery, The Geological Distribution of North American Forests, Perrier on the Theory of Descent, Our Indian Mythology, Locusts as Food for Man, A Natural Sea-Wall, (Illustrated.) The Telephone, with a sketch of its inventor, Philipp Reis, (Illustrated, and with a Portrait.) Correspondence, Editor's Table, Literary Notices, Popular Miscellany and Notes. Appleton & Co., New York. 50 cts., per number.

Lippincott's Magazine for August has a variety of articles especially suited to summer reading. The opening illustrated papers, "A Half Day on Iberian Rivers," by Theodore C. Hoyt, "A Moose Hunt in the Ottawa Valley" will attract the attention of sportsmen, "A Day at Luce Farm," by John Vance Cheney, will appeal to all lovers of nature. An article which should be not only read but also very carefully studied is one on "Hydrophobia," by Dr. Charles W. Dulles. "The American Eagle on the Peaks" is by Phil Robinson. "The Story of Hannah Lightfoot," a fair Quakeress whom George III. is said to have privately married in his youth, is by T. Fitzgerald Molloy, a well-known English writer. It is hardly necessary to mention Miss Thaxter's serial, "The Jewel in the Lotus," "The Sea Sisters," by Charles Dudley, is an interesting story, and "The Idol and the Idolaters" is a piquant sketch satirizing American worshippers of the English noble. Among the short papers in the "Monthly Gossip," an account of the "Economites," a flourishing community in Western Pennsylvania, deserves particular notice. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

Among its other excellent features in the way of instructing and interesting boys "Mastery" the new weekly magazine announces a series of prizes amounting to $1,50 for competition in free-hand drawing. The issue of July 26th contains the terms and other particulars relating to the contest.

NEW MUSIC.

From G. D. Russell 126 Tremont Street, Boston, who publish or keep in stock all the best music of the day we have received the following pieces. Ivy Mazurka, for young pianists 30 cents. Waldteufel's Bouquet of Waltzes, one of the best of this famous master's compositions, 60 cents. "Jessie" a very pretty ballad, the words being by the author of "John Halifax gentleman" 40; "That knows no one but I" a stylish song in the German school for Soprano, 35; "Bury My Dog in the Garden" a favorite comic song of the eminent comedian Dixey, and certain to please all, 40. "From My Little Charmer" a neat song in the popular style easy both as to melody and accompaniment, 40. "Summer is Coming;" "Spring;" "Gracious Spirit Love Divine" are select numbers of Russell's Musical Library of which the numbers are arranged for mixed male and female voices. Send for catalogue.

If a man makes me keep my distance, my comfort is he keeps his at the same time.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the Kidneys, Diabetes and other diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, which we are hourly so frightened about, Hop Bitters is the only thing that will surely and permanently prevent and cure. All other pretended cures only relieve for a time and then make you many times worse.

Our Young Folks.

"IN A MINUTE."

BY J. E. T.

KATIE was a very willing little girl, but her willingness was always one minute too late.

No matter what her mamma wanted her to do, no matter how much she wanted it done now Katie would speak up in a sprightly way, and say—

"In a minute."

Now there are sixty seconds in one of the sixty real minutes that it takes to make an hour.

But Katie's minutes were just as long, or just as short, as she chose to make them.

They were so irregular in their length that no one could ever tell when her minute would be up.

Sometimes, after promising to do something "in a minute," scarcely a second would tick itself away before Katie would jump up, ready to do her mamma's bidding.

At other times her minute would spin itself out to such a length that it would have made ten, twenty, thirty, or even sixty of the regular minutes that most people go by.

Time enough would pass in this way for Katie to forget all about what she had been told to do, for, if interested in a book—for she was very fond of reading—or if busy with dolls, dishes, or any of her numerous playthings, Katie's minute would grow as long as the reading or the playing continued.

And then, as the long minute slipped away the thought of what she had to do, at the end it would slip away, and so be forgotten by Katie, until some one would remind her of her neglected duty.

Katie was the happy possessor of a very beautiful wax doll, which she loved very dearly.

Such a time as she had had to find a name for her.

"I want to find her a pretty name all by myself," she had declared.

So all by herself she took the dictionary and looked all over the names from A to Z.

In the midst of the H's, she stopped at the queer, old-fashioned name of Hephzibah.

When questioned why she took such a funny, old-fashioned name for such a pretty, new-fashioned little lady, Katie explained—

"'Cause it means just what my beautiful doll means to me.

"She is my delight, and the dictionary says Hephzibah means 'my delight in her.'

"So it's the very name for her, and she shall have it."

No one could convince Katie that a prettier, softer name would rest upon the golden head of her beautiful wax doll with as much grace as the old-fashioned Hephzibah did, so, the day the name was found Katie, with three drops of cologne, baptized her

"Lady Hephzibah, to everybody else, and my child Hephzie to me.

As day by day passed, and the beauty of Lady Hephzibah grew more and more real to Katie the thought came to her that her child Hephzie was growing vain.

So one day sitting by the grate fire in her cosy little chair, Katie drawing her face down in a sober way, and looking sternly at Hephzibah said—

"Hephzie, my child, I have something serious to say to you and you mustn't scow, when I tell you it is a lecture on your vanity.

"You are getting to be awful vain, and you must stop it right off.

"I s'pose you are the loveliest doll that ever was, but you shouldn't know it, and pout you lips out the way you do, when you meet your cousins and friends, just as if you wanted to tell them how much prettier you are than they.

"Do you know, Hephzie,"—this in a mysterious whisper, "folks get sick sometimes, and their beauty all peels off; vain folks do, I mean, but," with a loving little hug, "you can't get sick, and you can't get ugly, and you can't help being my beautiful child."

The lecture was here interrupted by the entrance of Katie's papa, holding something in his hand done up in white paper.

"What does Katie want most of anything?" asked he, reaching it out toward her.

"Oh!" dropping Lady Hephzibah down by the grate in a most unceremonious manner, "Oh, papa, it is a book—I'm sure it is a book!" exclaimed Katie, while an excited flush of pleasure spread over her face.

"Yes, it is a book," replied her papa, "full of pretty fairy stories for little girls like Katie."

Much delighted, Katie was soon curled up on the broad window-sill, reading as fast as her eyes could catch up the words.

She had forgotten that she had left the beautiful Lady Hephzibah with her tender skin within blistering distance of the hot, open fire.

Katie's mamma, noticing the danger of Lady Hephzibah, quietly remarked—

"Katie dear, you will find Lady Hephzibah by the fire.

"She will melt if you do not take her away."

An almost breathless "In a minute!" escaped Katie in reply.

But the minutes ticked away, and still she sat, with eager eyes, reading page after page.

Before Katie's mamma had reminded Lady Hephzibah's mamma of the danger her child was in, Lady Hephzibah had been in the greatest distress of mind for fear that her delicate skin would become turned and red looking, "like that tanned, sunburned country girl," as she called her cousin, Katie's rosy-cheeked rubber doll.

So she gave a sigh of relief when Katie's mamma reminded Lady Hephzibah's mamma of the danger of her pet child.

What was Lady Hephzibah's horror when her cruel-hearted mamma replied with a careless—

"In a minute."

"Oh, dear," said Lady Hephzibah to herself.

"To think my mamma should let me lie here and spoil my beautiful complexion, just because that new book pleases her so much.

"Oh! how the fire burns me!

"It is burning off my eye-lashes, too! I know it is.

"How will I look going around with great staring eyes and no pretty, long eyelashes to soften their sky blue loveliness.

"My eyes ache with the heat, and I am so utterly helpless that I cannot even pull the wire that would bring my eyelids down over my eyes, to protect them from the terrible heat.

"Oh, dear!

"I can only lie here and look at the flames, as they snap their great red eyes at me.

"Some of them look like tongues that are ready to lap up my beauty.

"Oh! this terrible heat! What shall I do?

"What was that dripping down my mouth just now?

"How queer my nose feels!"

"It must—oh, horror! it must have been the tip of my lovely nose, and it keeps on dripping and dripping till all the sawdust in my body creeps with dread.

"Now my cheeks—my round, beautiful cheeks,—are sinking in!

"There goes the pretty pout melting off my mouth.

"Oh!" she moaned with an inward shudder; "my cheeks are gone and the bones are dropping out!

"What else could that round, hard thing be that rolled down my melting cheeks?

"How dark and queer everything looks!

"Can it be possible?

"Yes—one eye is out, and the other feels loose.

"My beautiful golden hair is curling itself all up, in an ugly crispy way.

"Oh, dear! what a fright I must be now, and I was so very lovely a minute ago.

"I don't want to live any longer! Yes, I do, too!

"I want to live to punish my careless, cruel mamma.

"I want to stare at her with my half-blind one eye, and see how she likes my sunken cheeks, with no nose between them, and and my poor thin lips, with the pout all gone, that she used to kiss so often.

"What were the kisses worth? They could not save my beauty.

"Mamma Katie won't have to lecture me any more about my being so proud of my pretty face.

"But if I live through all this, my poor scarred face will keep lecturing her all the time about 'tending to things 'in a minute.'

"Oh! I feel so queer and strange. I believe I'm going to faint!"

Just then Katie looked up from her book.

With a cry of dismay she threw it down on the table, and ran to poor disfigured Lady Hephzibah; picked her up, and then the one eye left stared at Katie in such a reproachful way, that she burst into tears, sobbing:

"Poor Hephzie! my poor, beautiful Hephzie!" hugging her tight to her grieving little heart.

Then seeing her mamma sitting so close to where the beautiful Lady Hephzibah had suffered, and knowing that her mamma must have seen what was happening to her Hephzie, Katie turned towards her while the hot tears poured down her face and dropped one by one on the poor melted face that could never be made pretty again.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, in reproachful tones.

"You saw it all! You must have seen it all!

"And you let my beautiful Hephzie get hurt like this!"

"Oh, mamma! why didn't you tell me soon enough!"

"I wonder if my little girl has forgotten that I told her, over an hour ago, that Lady Hephzibah would melt, if she did not take her away from the fire, and that she answered—

"'In a minute.'"

"N—no, mamma!" Katie sobbed out.

"But the fairies would keep keeping me.

"Two horrid, ugly fairies!

"I'm glad you call such dear little things names.

"Now I will thank them for making me take such loving care of Hephzie.

"Oh, poor, poor thing!" Katie wailed, as she tenderly kissed the poor disfigured face.

"I never forget to take care of Hephzie, as I promised, mamma.

"Katie," said her mamma, gently and gently, "I could have reached out my hand and saved Lady Hephzibah, but I felt as if my little girl would learn the danger that lay in a minute's delay if some punishment befell Hephzie.

"You see, I was, my dear, what a world of trouble follows those who are governed by 'In a minute.'

"If you would only stop to remember that 'In a minute' goes out to play, and plays and plays her life away. I'm sure you will not go with her very often, but will run away from her and join the prompt 'I am ready now.'"

"Mamma," said Katie, very earnestly, "the next time I say 'In a minute,' won't you please burn the tip of my tongue with a red hot poker?

"I just wish you would!"

Katie's mamma stooped down and kissed the trembling, determined little mouth and said—

"Some kind of a poker must be used to drive 'In a minute' away, but Katie must have hold of the handle and do the burning herself."

"If she forgets, mamma will remind her by saying:

"'One! two! three! strike, Katie!'"

Katie did forget a great many times at first.

But every time mamma called out—

"One! two! three! strike, Katie!"

Katie struck at 'In a minute' with a prompt—

"Yes, mamma, I'm ready now."

After Katie had struck "In a minute" all to pieces, she was rewarded one day by finding herself the proud owner of another wax doll, which was larger and more beautiful than Lady Hephzibah ever dreamed of being.

Katie treated her with such consideration that her beauty never waxed pale; and Katie was ever afterwards a happy little girl, whose minutes were just sixty seconds long.

PLAYING TRAMP.

BY FRANK Q. SMITH.

"I DO not see how I can make it do, mamma," said pretty Mary Derwent.

"The poor old black silk has been my faithful friend, but I have turned, dyed, and mended it until it is too antiquated for any use.

"Oh, this poverty is terribly inconvenient at times!

"I am contented to live frugally, but I really do need a new dress."

"I know you do, my child; but, you see, your father has been down with the rheumatism so long, and we have been using up our little savings.

"It isn't like living in the country. We have no butter or eggs to sell, and can get no work in the village.

"I wish you could have a pretty navy-blue cashmere."

As Mr. Derwent spoke, he looked at Mary's form lightly outlined against the window, and was thinking how much prettier she was than Florence Dupont, the Squire's daughter, who dressed so splendidly.

Mary put aside her sewing, and went singing about her work getting tea.

Just as she had taken Mr. Derwent his supper of toast and beef tea, and arranging it on a little table near the invalid, a tired and travel-worn young stranger knocked at the door, and respectfully asked for supper and lodging, saying he had no money to pay for it.

Mrs. Derwent made him welcome.

He ate the bread and broiled ham as if starved.

He was evidently no common tramp.

His white hands and refined speech and manner stamped the wanderer as a gentleman.

After tea was over he told them of many things he had seen, and they felt as if they had found a friend.

Mr. Derwent told him of his long illness, and his distress of mind in being helpless, and a burden to his wife and daughter.

He also told the stranger of Mary's sacrifice, how she had given up a journey to the [illegible] and a classical education to take care of father.

"Oh, she is my ain bonnie lassie!" said the proud parent, as he looked with pride upon [illegible] Mary.

No surprise, Mrs. Derwent showed the stranger to a room [illegible] for the night.

Early the next morning the stranger left, not telling his name or destination.

The days went on.

Mary [illegible]

[illegible]

Mary was [illegible] to be superb, for a [illegible] and decorate the [illegible]

But her [illegible]

Two months had passed [illegible] Mary [illegible] Miss Mary [illegible]

[illegible]

black silk, heavy and rich, with a set of laces of cobweb fineness, and knots of rose-colored satin ribbon.

Accompanying the package was a letter from the supposed tramp.

He told them his name was Philip Letourney.

His father was a wealthy merchant who had been rather rigid in the discipline of his sons.

Philip rebelled, and after committing some boyish, silly prank, had left home, his father censuring him severely.

Not being used to hardships, he was reduced to very rough fare.

When he heard Mrs. Derwent's simple earnest prayer, like the prodigal of old he resolved to go unto his father's house.

Mary's devotion to her parents shamed him.

His mother was thankful for the return of her son, and was glad to send this little present to Mary Derwent.

There were some articles of comfort for the father and mother from Mr. Letourney.

Mary went to Miss Dupont's party.

She wore the new black silk dress, cut and made by her own hands.

The laces and rose-colored ribbons became her so well, the brown eyes danced so gleefully, that young Doctor Graham's heart was surrendered, and gentle Mary Derwent caught the most eligible of Glen Dale.

Now I ought to say that the quondam tramp and Mary Derwent were married, and that she lived in splendor the rest of her days.

But she did no such thing.

She loved and married Doctor Graham, and together they began to climb the hill of life.

Philip Letourney had a "girl that he had left behind him," and occasionally takes his bonnie wife to visit sweet Mary Derwent Graham and her aged parents, and tells her how he played tramp and a lorn wayfarer.

A STRANGE STORY.—"It was one summer twilight," said the village parson to a circle of listeners, "that standing on a rustic bridge which spanned a well-known trout stream near my father's house, I won from the girl I loved the promise to be my wife.

"She was a coquette, and I had a rival; so to make the matter sure, I drew from her hand a ring which she had often declared she would give only to her betrothed lover, and transferred it to my own finger.

"'It was my mother's engagement ring,' said she, half in earnest and half playfully, 'and there is a superstition connected with it.

"'So long as you keep and wear it, we are engaged; but if you lose or part with it in any way, the engagement is broken.'

"Some weeks afterwards she went away on a visit, and then my great consolation was to haunt the spot on the bridge which had been our trysting-place.

"Once, leaning over the railing, and thinking of our betrothal, I took from my finger the treasured ring, and gazed fondly on the initials—hers as well as her mother's—engraven within.

"In attempting to replace it, the golden circle fell from my grasp and disappeared in the waters below.

"Oh, how I mourned my lost treasure.

"But I had a notion I yet would find it.

"Not long afterwards, fishing in the same stream, I fell to thinking of my lost ring.

"If I could only fish it up!

"And just then there was a quiver, a tug, a pull, and a struggle at my line, and after some play I drew out a fine large trout.

"At the sight of him the thought suddenly and unaccountably flashed into my mind that the ring was to be found within his body.

"I cannot account for the feeling, but I know it was heightened into almost a conviction when, upon grasping the victim, I perceived on a portion of his body a singular protuberance, and felt there beneath the skin something like a hard, foreign substance.

"I seized my large pocket clasp-knife and then, with a trembling hand, ripped open his body, and explored the suspicious protuberance.

"My knife grated against something hard, and—yes, I caught the glitter of some shining substance.

"Imagine my feelings when, with a beating heart and trembling hand, I drew forth ——."

"The ring, uncle?" breathlessly inquired Nellie.

"No; only a piece of green glass."

Ayer's Ague Cure is a powerful tonic bitter, composed wholly of vegetable substances. Its action is peculiar, prompt and powerful, breaking up the chill, curing the fever and expelling the poison from the system, yet leaving no harmful or unpleasant effect upon the patient. Sufferers from chills and fever who have used quinine for a remedy will appreciate this.

Mr. H. B. Sheridan, who is the patentee of a number of electrical machines, has invented a machine for measuring [illegible]

AT REST.

BY S. W.

Now that the violet grows
  And long cool grasses wave
Where thou has found repose
  In some secluded grave,
I may untroubled dwell
  On that brief early dream
My heart recalls so well,
  Though years have come between.
Unveil, O shadowy Past,
  And let one golden beam
Of light from thee at last
  Upon the Present gleam.
Beloved, when I will,
  Thou in my thoughts mayst be,
And I my heart can still
  With bright pure dreams of thee.
Sorrow and sin belong
  To Life—but that has fled;
It cannot be a wrong
  To love the quiet dead.
Perchance thou knoweth now
  That I am faithful yet
In spirit to the vow
  Thou saidst I should forget.
Though we were made to part,
  It was no fault of mine,
And my rebellious heart
  Has owned no love but thine.
Pure as the stars' pale light,
  Changeless through day and night
  That love for thee has been.
Dearest, I will not weep
  One idle tear for thee—
Rest in unbroken sleep,
  A radiant memory!

SIGN LANGUAGE.

THERE are seventy-six vocal languages used by the American Indian, which are as distinct in pronunciation as are the English, German, French, or any other language known to civilized man. Hence, the migratory Indians from the North must needs have some mode of communication when he followed the buffalo to a warmer climate late in autumn, and in turn the fellows who escaped from the scorching sun of the South to enjoy the cool breezes of the North, found that they must co-operate with their brethren in order to make their visits endurable.

Thus they have by common necessity organized a system of sign language, which, though unworthy of being dignified by being termed complete, is sufficiently intelligible to permit of a pretty general use of it among the most intelligent men and women of the various tribes.

The plains Indians are credited with perfecting the sign language to a greater extent than any other. To such an extent is the sign language used, that there are those who can converse as rapidly in this manner as by vocal speech; and although two seldom use the same sign, the general outline of the pantomine is so easily comprehended that frequently a description of some great event is imparted by one Indian to another, whose homes are separated by hundreds of miles, and no possible means of communication ever having existed between their respective tribes. In other words, there are certain general signs that are thoroughly understood by tribes of the British Possessions and of the Malpipais districts of Arizona.

The signal given by a horseman riding rapidly in a circuitous route is well known to be one of danger, and before the aborigines had a Great Father to provide them with ponies, this sign was given by one of the Indians running backward and forward as rapidly as his lazy legs could carry him. Just before departing on any enterprise, and separation is to occur, certain signs are agreed upon.

As an illustration, the old Biblical term of "a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night," was never more strikingly exemplified than when mountain Indians climb a high hill and, after building a fire of damp or green wood, covers the same with a blanket. As soon as sufficient smoke has accumulated for the purpose, the blanket is quickly lifted, so that a ball of smoke arises steadily into the air, and finally disappears among the clouds.

This is a day signal, and is supposed to be witnessed by allies in another section of the country.

The night signal for disclosing a retreat of friends is made by a wisp of dry grass or hay, which is lighted at one end and whirled around in the air so that a perfect circle of fire is visible.

In their native simplicity these children of the forest have adopted the modes of the days of Moses and Aaron to communicate with each other.

Suppose that two Indians of different tribes meet. They have met before and formed a mutual admiration, and their families may be particularly interested in each other. The visitor is welcomed by the host, and a conversation by signs commences.

The new arrival will, in a short space of time, relate how a friend had suddenly come in contact with an enemy, what weapons were used, who "drew the first blood;" where either was wounded; the length of time occupied in the battle; the position of each at different times of the combat; the courage displayed and the stoical indifference assumed. In fact, every detail will be told almost as quickly as it related by the tongue, and yet no word will pass between the parties, because they could not understand each other.

The rude figures of various animals and birds that are so common to the heathenish notions of what constitutes art, all have their significance, and are read with ease by those who understand them.

A moving band can, by leaving pictures of birds, beasts, and inanimate objects scattered along their route, inform a party of friends following as to what occurrences have taken place, so accurately that the second band will know just what to do to guard against danger, or lend assistance.

An illustration of a steep mountain with a goat in the act of climbing, while a horse appears in a position where the soles of his hoofs are liable to get sunburned, indicated that though a goat can climb up the rocky trail a horse may tumble, and hence it is unsafe for the Indians to attempt the ascent.

Grains of Gold.

The finest and noblest ground on which people can live is the truth.

To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

It is more honorable to acknowlege our faults than to boast of our merits.

Unfriended indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults.

Love nothing too violently; hate nothing passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

How poor are they who have no patience: What wound did ever heal but by degrees?

Improvement in the daughters will best aid in the reformation of the sons of this age.

It is easier to do something some one else is at, than to perform your own allotted task.

The history of the world teaches us that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.

What is defeat? Nothing but education. Nothing but the first step to something better.

There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes, if they could govern their tongues.

The fountain of beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the wall of your chamber.

It is not enough to have reason; it is spoiled, it is dishonored, by sustaining a brusque and haughty manner.

What stubbing, plowing, digging and harrowing is to land, thinking, reflecting and examining is to the mind.

Don't live for yourself, and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others.

Charity is a virtue of the heart—not of the hands, and gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue.

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends.

Heartfelt sympathy without a tangible accompaniment will never alleviate the pangs of hunger nor clothe a shivering wretch with comfortable clothing.

What men want is not talent—it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor. Labor judiciously and continuously applied becomes genius.

In human life there is a constant change of fortune, and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from common fate. Life itself decays, and all things are daily changing.

Don't waste life on doubts and fears. Spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.

The persons who in deed and in truth do benefit the world by their labor, who here remove a weed, and there plant a flower, are, and must be, cheerful; and they must and will take happy views of life and its contingencies.

When we see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, such, we think, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of need they leave us naked.

People are so ridiculous with their allusions, carrying their fool's caps unawares, thinking their own lies opaque while everybody else's are transparent, as if when all the world looked yellow under a lamp, they alone were rosy.

Femininities.

The rule of three—for the third person to clear out.

In New York "society" there is war between young ladies and what are known as "married women flirts."

If the Mormon women would take to spring bonnets and sealskin sacques, it would soon break up polygamy.

"Lawn tennis girls," is the name given in New York to the young ladies in New York who adopt the striding style of walk.

A colored woman at Weldon, N. C., has the bona-fide cognomen of Clarissa Sophronia Toddy Whitehouse De Appletree Burton.

When Pope wrote that "The proper study of mankind is man," woman did not come in; but it is not likely that she remained out long.

The present generation of London girls seems to be remarkably sensible. The young ladies of fashion now take lessons in dressmaking.

Gold cannot always heal the wounded heart, but heavy damages do help one to bear a breach of promise with something like resignation.

Victor Hugo's latest epigram, sent to a lady autograph fiend in Michigan, is this. "To love is to act." Yes, and not unfrequently to act like a fool.

An English writer upon nervous disorders says that idleness and ignorance are much more prolific causes of disease among women than overwork.

When Henry was courting Sarah he used to boast that he had a "boss" girl; now that he is married, he finds that he has a "boss;" but he never mentions it.

A sweet girl graduate wrote an essay on farm life, and gave a beautiful description of the manner in which the milk was extracted from the bosom of the cow.

Nebraska has one woman minister, one woman lawyer, six women county superintendents, and ten women physicians. Many women are engaged in editorial work.

At a barber shop in Gloucester, Mass., recently, while a female barber was shaving a customer the lightning knocked the razor out of her hand and cut a piece off his ear.

A volatile Miss lately ate twenty-four soft eggs at a meal, on a bet. She stated the next day that people who have merely swallowed bad oysters don't know what it is to be sick.

It was "darling George" when a bridal couple left Omaha; it was "dear George" at Chicago; at Detroit it was "George," and when they reached Niagara Falls it was "Say, you."

Dr. Willis states that mothers-in-law are not laughed at or looked down on in Persia; their presence are coveted by their sons-in-law, who look on them as the guardians of their wives.

It is reported that a woman in Milan, Tenn., was stung on the nose by a bee recently, and died from the effects in a few minutes, although having been otherwise in apparent good health.

New York authorities say it is now the fashion for ladies to wear very little jewelry of any kind in public places, or when traveling. Among sensible people this has been the fashion always.

It has been asserted that a young lady who had been "forsaken by her lover was like a deadly weapon, because she was a cut-lass." Evidently the lover wanted to sabre from an unhappy marriage.

The experience of Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, should not be forgotten by American girls. She declared that she would not marry any one who was not "just perfect," and she did not get a husband until she was 580 years old.

A number of Syracuse ladies have formed a syndicate for the manufacture of cake, marmalade, salads, jellies, etc., for sale to their neighbors who do not desire to do this work in warm weather. A good idea, which we should think would be adopted in many places.

"Yes," said the young gentleman, "Charley has put a slur—a deliberate slur—upon me." "What was it?" "Introduced me to his girl." "How is that a slur?" "Why, isn't it equivalent to saying, 'Oh, you're of no account; there's no danger of you cutting me out!'"

The daughter of an Earl stopped dancing with the Prince of Wales, and openly refused to go on because he was holding her too closely and otherwise misbehaving himself, in a large ball-room. She left him in the middle of the floor, and asked an acquaintance to take her to her mother.

"Say, George," said the married man whose wife had been ill, "I've discharged the nurse we had, and am taking her place myself now." "Taking her place?" inquired George. "What part of her work do you do, old man?" "Oh, I can do it about all," was the response. "I always was a sound sleeper."

The windows of houses in the Phillipine Isles are made of pelluced oyster shells, which admit light, but cannot be seen through. It is not explained how the woman who sits up till after midnight to ascertain what hour the beau of the young lady opposite leaves, overcomes this difficulty.

Dr. Donald Padman, of Louisville, says: "To quiet a baby roaring with colic, lay it upon its back and pat it from the neck downward over its little abdomen, taking care not to pat upward. This usually not only brings relief to the infant, but to the family and the neighborhood, and all young married people should have a recipe."

Going out to hunt in the forest one day late last autumn, the Empress of Austria saw an old half-cripp'ed woman tottering on the very brink of a high, steep river-bank. Springing from her horse, she ran and caught the poor creature, just in time to save her life, and then discovered that the old woman was blind, and that the child who was acting as her guide had lagged behind. The Empress waited till the truant came up, and administered a severe reproof for its carelessness, gave the old woman a purse full of gold, and then rejoined her companions in the chase.

News Notes.

Swallows are to decorate everything.

New York is the third German city in the world.

There are 60,000,000 acres of grazing land in Arizona.

The Italians dry and pulverize the pulp of the tomato.

A Leicester, Mass., dog has a penchant for stripping the bark off trees.

The use of tobacco in America is ten times what it is in Great Britain.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts owns $20,000,000 worth of United States bonds.

Pulmonary consumption is extensively prevalent among the negroes of Georgia.

There are 30,000 Christian Indians in the United States, half of whom are Baptists.

Elko, Nevada, has a Chinese bloated monopolist, Hop Sing, who has purchased the water works.

In the fiscal year just ended there has been an increase in the United States of 1,639 post-offices.

Richland, a little North Carolina village of not more than one hundred inhabitants, has four churches.

The "dude" lace pin is the latest novelty. It is made of gold filagree, with a head of pearl and eyes of sapphire.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is credited with carrying a horse-chestnut about with him as a rheumatism preventive.

Gen. Geo. B. McClellan has become the American manager of one of the oldest English insurance companies.

A Virginia farmer, aged 78, cradled his whole crop of wheat this year, cutting from 29 to 30 dozen sheafs per day.

The tombs of the English Plantagenet kings, in the Abbey of Fontevrault, France, are now part of a men's prison.

A German paper, in translating Yankee Doodle, says: "The word doodle signifies a lazy scoundrel, a bummer."

Two hundred and seventy-six divorce cases have been brought before the New Haven, Ct., Superior Court since January 1, '85.

Crushed-strawberry-colored village carts are seen at Newport, and some are drawn by donkeys whose ears are bound with ribbons.

Santa Barbara is feasting its eyes on a blood-sucking vampire, with the head of a kitten, the body of a gopher, and the wings of a bat.

The largest diamond in the world came from Brazil, and is owned by the King of Portugal. It weighs 1,680 grains, and is worth $28,000,000.

A St. Louis locomotive ran away recently, springing open its throttle, dashing through a brick wall, and tearing up the ground beyond.

Boston is said to be one of the three places where the business of counterfeiting postage stamps expressly to delude collectors, is most largely carried on.

Of the 716 persons who travel with Barnum's show, everyone is pledged to total abstinence from all "intoxicants" during his or her engagement.

The bully (or bullyess) of Sioux City is a woman weighing 220 pounds, and she distinguished herself by assaulting and knocking out two men a few days ago.

The Society of Friends in England has repealed the prohibition of marriage between first cousins, which has been in force in that body for nearly 200 years.

Surgeon-General Hamilton, of the Marine Hospital Service, says that, while yellow fever is a very serious matter, at present he does not think there is cause for alarm.

Mrs. Kunler, of Pendleton, Oregon, in making the hired man's bed, jerked the sheet and exploded a pistol lying under the pillow, killing her four-year-old daughter.

Wm. Mortimer, a one-handed compositor in the office of the Carbon (Pa.) Advocate, fastens his stick diagonally across the "t" box, and sets, corrects and distributes 5,000 ems of solid minion each day.

Mammoth City, in the Yellowstone country, hardly comes up to its name. It has fifty buildings—log cabins, slab shacks, and canvas tents. Half of the structures are saloons. There is a population of about 250.

Justice in Minnesota operates queerly. A man at McPherson bought a revolver, and was going to kill his family. His wife took the weapon from him and gave him a licking, and a country justice fined her $25 for it.

Two of Friday's bathers at Coney Island failed to return for their clothes. The body of a newly-born babe was found on the beach. Five people were rescued from drowning. Coney Island is becoming a romantic spot.

Washington Territory will send abroad this year 235,000,000 feet of lumber, 200,000 tons of coal, 20,000 pounds of hops, 200,000 cases of salmon, 5,000,000 bushels of wheat, 3,000,000 bushels of oats, 100,000 bushels of potatoes, and 2,500,000 pounds of wool.

They have among the curiosities at Saratoga a man who drinks all the waters every morning, and has done so for years. He is as thin as tissue paper and paler than a sheet, and wants to find out which spring does him the most good. It is not anticipated that he will live sufficiently long to secure the desired information.

GIVE PROMPT ATTENTION AND TREATMENT, at this season of the year, to all Affections of the Bowels—such as Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, etc. By using Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam you will obtain immediate relief from these complaints, and soon drive them from the system.

WHEN ONE'S INSANE.

A PROMINENT officer in the South writes about this subject in an Arkansas paper:

I was once insane, and I often muse over my experience.

There are, of course, many kinds of insanity.

Some mental disorders take place so gradually that even the closest companions of the victim are at a loss to remember when the trouble began. It must have been this way in my case.

One evening, after an oppressively warm day, a day when I experienced more fatigue from the heat than ever before or since, I sat on my porch fanning myself.

"This arm that is now in motion," I mused, "must one of these days be dust. I wonder how long will the time be."

Then I mused upon the evidence I had of immortality.

I could do things that others could not accomplish.

I had gone through battle after battle, and though bullets sang and jumped around me thick as hail, yet I remained uninjured. I had passed through epidemics of yellow fever.

I wanted to be rich, and I began to study over an imaginary list of enterprises. At last I hit upon radishes.

People must have radishes. They should be in every store.

They could be dried and sold in winter. I would plant fifty acres with radish seed, and people all over the country would refer to me as the "radish king."

I would form a radish syndicate, and buy up all the radishes and travel around and be admired.

I hastened to the house to tell my wife that she was soon to be a radish queen. At the breakfast table I said:

"Julia, how would you like to be a radish queen?"

"A what?" she exclaimed.

I explained my plan of acquiring great wealth, and during the recital she acted so curiously that I was alarmed.

I feared that she was losing her mind.

Finally she seemed to understand. She agreed with me, but told me not to say anything more about it.

After breakfast I saw her talking earnestly to her father, and I knew that she was explaining to the old gentleman how she intended to pay his debts when I became known as the radish king.

The old gentleman approached me with much concern and told me that I needed rest and that I must not think of business.

He was old and sadly worried, and I promised him that I would not think of business.

Pretty soon I went out to inspect my radish kingdom.

Looking around, I saw the old gentleman following me.

From the field I went to the village.

I approached a prominent citizen, who had always been my friend, and told him how I intended to become rich.

He seemed grieved, and I saw at once that he was contemplating the same enterprise.

He tried to explain, but he made me so mad that I would have struck him if my father-in-law had not come up and separated us.

Those who had been my friends proved to be my enemies, and I was determined to be avenged, but before I could execute my will I was seized by several men.

I was taken to jail. My wife came to me, but she did not attempt to have me released. I became so mad that my anger seemed to hang over me like a dark cloud. Men came after a long time and took me away, I thought, to the penitentiary.

I don't know how long I remained there, but one morning the sun rose and shone in at me through the window.

A mist cleared from before my eyes. My brain began to work, and suddenly I realized that I had been insane. I called the keeper, and when he saw me he exclaimed, "Thank God!" and grasped my hand.

I was not long in putting on another suit of clothes, and turning my face toward home.

A physician said that I was cured, and and everybody seemed bright and happy at my recovery.

I boarded a train with a gentleman and went home.

My wife fainted when she saw me and learned that I had recovered my mind.

I asked for my little children, and two big boys and a young lady came forward and greeted me.

I had been in the asylum twelve years.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Browning, Mo., June 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

S. W. J.

Furnace, Ala., June 20, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

J. B. T.

Sanderton, Pa., June 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. A. S. S.

Grandfork, Ill., June 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. A.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

J. E. F.

Hellertown, Pa., June 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

M. M. F.

Kelloggsville, N. Y., June 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

A. R.

New Hampton, Iowa, June 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

M. A. D.

Dulaney, Ky., June 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

J. G. Y.

Shelbina, Mo., June 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. S. F.

Sunset, Tex., June 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

J. G. J.

Christian, Tex, June 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

L. G.

Winnsboro, S. C., June 22, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. H.

Junction, N. J., June 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed: I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

W. D. S.

Rioville, Nev., June 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

M. I. S.

Fort Assinboine, Mon., June 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

L. H. K.

Lamartine, Pa., June 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

C. S.

Newport, R. I., June 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

S. M. H. S.

30 Powders
10 Days
Treatment

Engelman's Dyspepsia Powders
A Positive Cure

Price $1.00

Dyspepsia is the Mother of the Following Complaints:

Sick Headache, Nausea, Vertigo, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Appetite, Wasting of Strength, Flatulence, with frequent Belching of Wind, Bilious Vomiting, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, Oppression after Eating, Depression of Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Pit of the Stomach, or towards Right Side, Uneasiness of the Bowels, Irritability of Temper, Sallowness of Complexion, Etc., Etc.

The Code of Ethics prevented this Infallible Remedy from coming before the public for a period of **23 years.**

It was the **Favorite Prescription** of one of our late and highly-esteemed **Physicians,** who enjoyed a very extensive **Practice** in Philadelphia from **1834** to the time of his demise in **1871.**

The secret of this Preparation was offered to the **Medical Fraternity** about the year **1857,** with a very lengthy **Thesis** on **Dyspepsia,** but was respectfully declined, owing to it approaching the **Homœopathic System** of **Treatment,** but as years rolled by it was noticed that the discoverer of this remarkable Remedy was making rapid **Strides** in his **Profession,** and it was ascertained that two-thirds of his practice was devoted to **Dyspeptics.**

Shortly after this discovery an **Unsuccessful** effort was made by many "prominent in the **Profession** to obtain the **Formula** and adopt the **Treatment."** The discoverer never forgot the rejected "**Formula** and **Thesis.**" As a devoted **Friend** and **Student I** had several years' experience in the preparation of these Powders and became sole owner of the Formula as part of a legacy. I then commenced putting the Remedy up in Packages of 30 Powders, sufficient for 10 days' treatment, and treating the poor and honest Dyspeptics free of charge. But the demand for gratuitous packages increased to such an extent that I was obliged to discontinue the distribution. But, in order that Dyspeptics may avail themselves of this remarkable Remedy at a reasonable price, I decided to give the 10 days' treatment for One Dollar, and I feel confident that no other Remedy exists that has the same action and results. The action of these Powders, when taken into the system, is directly upon the *food* during the process of digestion, *absorbing gases, neutralizing acids* and correcting *acrid* secretions, thus improving the appetite, promoting digestion and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

They act immediately upon the chyme and chyle, the nutritive portion of the food, containing the elements and source of the blood, that vital force which keeps all the machinery of animal life in motion.

Several thousand packages of these Powders have been sold without the aid of the press or other advertising mediums, but as there are thousands of Dyspeptics who are not aware of this Treatment, I am obliged to resort to this expensive method to bring it to their notice, **and, I trust,** you will not class this Treatment with the worthless remedies you may have used. **Your Druggist** can readily obtain a package for you (if obliging) through the wholesale druggists who are supplied by my agents, Johnston, Holloway & Co., 602 Arch street, Philadelphia. Should you have any difficulty in procuring them at home, enclose One Dollar to my address or to my agents and you will receive a package by the next mail. Postage stamps accepted.

The editor of this paper can certify to my responsibility and standing.

Very Respectfully,

Frank E. Engelman

LABORATORY, 1839 SEYBERT ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH WHILE BREATHING

Nature intended that you should breathe through your Nose. Keep your Nostrils, free of Foul Mucus, in order that your Lungs may be supplied with Pure Air.

A Nose clogged with Foul Mucus, Poisons every breath of air entering the Lungs. Cleanse the air passages with "**SNUFFENE**" and enjoy New Life.

"**SNUFFENE**" is put up in a handsome Carmine, Enameled Hinged-Lid, Metallic Box, (convenient for the pocket,) and retails at 25 Cents, which should induce every one to obtain it and enjoy the blessing of Good Health.

The filthy habit of Hemming, Hawking and Spitting, and the swallowing of Foul Mucus is cured by SNUFFENE.

Sold and recommended by over 522 Druggists in Philadelphia.

If the Druggist in your vicinity cannot supply you, send me the amount in Postage Stamps and you will receive a box by mail. Address,

Laboratory, 1839 Seybert St. **FRANK E. ENGELMAN, Philadelphia, Penna.**

KNOW THYSELF.

ONE day the queen of Sheba gave Solomon a ring, with many scores of oxen. She bade him bestow it on the wisest of his sages. So Solomon commanded all his wise men to appear before him on the feast of the full moon. They came from Bethel and Dan, the court and school of the prophets.

Then King Solomon, arrayed in the regal robes, sat on his throne, the sceptre of Israel in his right hand. The Queen of Sheba sat beside him. He commanded his sages to speak. Many opened their mouths and discoursed right eloquently. They told of many things. The eyes of the Queen shone like the dew drops which quivered at sunrise on the peach blossoms. Solomon was sad.

At last one arose of courtly mein. He told of the wondrous cities in far lands. How the sun scalds the dew in Sahara. How he forsakes the chill North for whole months, leaving the old moon in his place. He spoke of the fleets that go down to the sea; he told how they weave flax at Tyrus, and spin gold at Ophir; of the twisted shell that comes from Oroba, and the linen of Egypt that endures the fire. He spoke of fleets; of laws; the arts that make men happy.

"Truly, he is," said the King. "But let others speak."

Another came forth. He was young in years. His cheek was burning with enthusiasm. The fire of genius shone in his eye like a day-star, when all the others are swallowed up in light. He spoke of the works of the Great One. Told how the cedar of Lebanon, when the sun kisses its forehead, lifts up its great arms with a shout, shaking off the feathery snow in winter, or the pearly dew in autumn, to freshen the late calms that glitters at its foot. He spoke of the elephant, the antelope, the jackal, the eagle, the mule. He knew them all. He told of the fish that make glad the waters as the seasons dance the frolic round about their heads. He sang in liquid softness, of the daughters of the air, who melt the heaven into song. He rose to the stars; spoke of the chaos; of the world, the offspring of love. He spoke of the stars; the crown; Mazzaroth, and the tall ladder Jacob saw. He sang again the star of creation.

"He is wiser than Solomon," said the King. "To him belongs the prize."

But at this moment some men in humble garb brought a stranger, unwillingly along. His raiment was poor but comely, and snow-white. The seal of labor on his hands, the dust of travel covered his sandals. His beard, long and silvery, went down to his girdle; a sweet smile, like a sleeping infant's, sat unconscious on his lips. His eye was the angel's lamp, that burns, in still devotion, before the court of paradise, making the day. As he leaned on his shepherd-staff, in the gay court, a blush like a girl's, stole over his cheek.

"Speak," said the king.

"I have nothing to say," said the hoary man. "I know only how unwise and frail I am. I am no sage."

And Solomon's countenance rose. "By the sceptre of El Thaddan, I charge thee speak thou ancient man."

Then he began: "My study is myself, my acts, my sentiments. I learn how frail I am. But I revere the fire that divinely burns within me. I, of myself, can do nothing. I listen to that voice within; and I know all, I can do all." Then he spoke of his glees and his glooms, his hopes, his aspiration, his faith. He spoke of nature, the modest trees, the pure golden stars. When he came to Him who is all in all, he bowed his head and was dumb.

"Give him the ring," said Solomon. "He knows himself—he is the wisest. The spirit of the holy is in him."

"Take back the gift," said the sage, "I need it not. He that knows himself needs no reward. He knows God. He sees the All of things. Alas! I do but feebly know myself. I deserve no ring. Let me return to my home and my duty."

Fee Simple.—Money given to a quack doctor.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

ONE VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

I must give up my billiards, my beer and cigars,
Never think about matinees, races, or bars,
And make my small income in some manner do,
To furnish food, clothing, et cetra, for two.
The girl may be pretty and loving, I grant—
Perhaps she can cook, but more likely she can't;
She may play the piano "for all that it's worth,"
But as for her washing—why, heavens and earth!
No marriage for me—it's too much of a sham;
I think I am far better off as I am.

ANOTHER VIEW.

I'm weary of bachelor's life, I declare,
Of a little hall bedroom and boarding-house fare,
No pleasant companionship—nothing at all;
I long for a home, be it ever so small—
For a home, and a wife who is cheerful and bright,
If "union is strength," why, my notions are right.
My wages are small, but I think they will do,
With a little economy, nicely for two.
I've my eyes on a girl, and I'll ask her—that's flat,
So off with my slippers, and ho! for my hat!

—S. T. OLKN.

Humorous.

A hard case—The oyster's.

Light work—The incendiary's.

The key note—"Wife, let me in."

Cannibals have been known to eat their "fodder."

Lazy husbands are known out west as stove-watchers.

Man wants but little here below, but generally wants enough.

It is a consolation to see a plumber compelled to buy something at a retail drug store.

TITEY gratefully testify to the virtue of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for Heart Disease. Price $1; 6 for $5.

Squiggs always calls his wife his little sugar plum, though only as an excuse to lick her.

It has been changed from "Love, Courtship and Marriage" to "Love, Courtship, and Carriage."

NUMEROUS are the cures of Heart Disease from using Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. By druggists.

On seeing a house being whitewashed, a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to be shaved.

The train went so fast the other day that its shadow could only catch up with it whenever it stopped at a station.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 128 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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CURES
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AYER'S Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

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Sold by all Druggists.

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Battles for the Union
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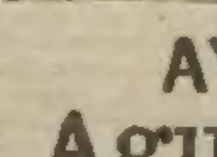

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EMPLOYMENT AT HOME or to Travel. State which preferred; also amount wanted per month for services and expenses. Business honorable, permanent, and easily operated. Write us. SLOAN & CO., 26 George Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Strong, Pure and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clear Skin and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL
Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

THE SKIN,

After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.
The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.
CURES AND PREVENTS
Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

—ALSO—

Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from one to 20 minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.
It was the first,
AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.
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Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.
A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.
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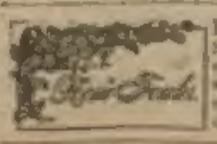
TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.



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40 CARDS, all Lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto, Chromo, Love Letter and Case, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

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Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

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FOR THE WHISKERS

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Sold by all Druggists.

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NO ICE! NO ICE-BOX! NO SALT!

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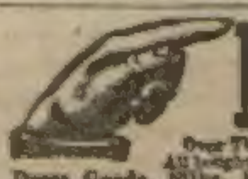

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

MODELS FOR CHILDREN.

THE elegance, or rather richness, of children's costumes just now depends greatly upon the age of the wearers, great being admissible in some cases which would be considered outre in others.

The acme of richness is certainly enjoyed by the little people between two and six years of age, for many ladies consider it a waste of money to spend much artistic thought upon the babies whose garments must be loose, and of a convenient cut to sit well when the infant is in its nurse's arms.

For outdoor wear the child who cannot yet walk is dressed in the long-worn pelisse consisting of a loose frock and long cape, though these are of very handsome material, white or richly colored; and the hat is trimmed with luxuriant feathers and gathered satin.

For indoors white nainsook or batiste, embroidered and trimmed with lace, from the freshest and prettiest dresses a baby can wear.

The picturesque and lovely little satin, voile and surah dresses, of artistic color and cut, are for the most part made for girls between two and six, for after seven a much severer style is preferred, which becomes simpler still for girls of twelve or thirteen.

Fresh and tasteful dresses, elegant in their simplicity, are however, made for them in fine summer cloth, in plaid, in cotton washing fabrics, and in all the new woolen materials.

Charming model for a girl of nine is of periwinkle cloth, the skirt pleated, falling over a pleated bayaleuse.

The polonaise has the rather short skirts draped to form three peplum points, edged with darker blue velvet; the two shorter points are the paniers, and the longer the drapery behind.

A very coquettish cape, with a visite sleeve high on the shoulder, is of blue velvet; it completes the costume and gives an air of novelty.

For more dressy occasions, costumes are made of surah and voile, surah embroidered by hand being reserved for very dressy toilettes.

They are much worn for matinees, visites afternoon drives, flower shows, garden parties, and similar occasions.

This summer embroidery is worn on everything.

Any kind of embroidery is used, eccentric or usual, though the success of peculiar designs and work depends on the combination and arrangement of colors and materials.

So much can be done with odds and ends of rich material for children at little cost, that the weakness of mothers, in wishing to see their little ones artistically and richly clad, becomes an innocent pleasure, although too great extravagance in style and material is apt to make a young child precociously conceited and self-conscious.

Many dressy costumes are of plain or printed foulard, this soft and beautiful silk being peculiarly adapted for children's toilettes.

A dress of very pale terra-cotta foulard is intended to be worn by a blonde little bridesmaid at a fashionable wedding.

The skirt is edged with four gathered flounces richly embroidered in silks of many different colors, surmounted by a bouillonne with a ruched heading which edges the pleated foulard plastron.

Over this is a long corsage reaching to the embroidery of the second flounce, the fronts open and edged all round with embroidery.

The pockets, sleeves and round collar are also embroidered.

The hat, a Directoire shape, is of terra-cotta straw, trimmed with a long ostrich feather and satin of the same color.

Terra-cotta, crushed strawberry, pale blue and ecru, are the colors used almost exclusively for very dressy toilettes.

A really lovely little toilette of crushed strawberry ottoman for a girl of five must be quoted as an example of the luxury attained in the costumes of young children. The skirt has alternate ottoman pleatings and lace flounces, the open casaque edged down the fronts with lace, over a double-breasted waistcoat closing diagonally with silver buckles and straps of strawberry ottoman ribbon.

The neck is open, with a large collar edged with lace, showing a bouillonne chemisette of white surah.

Across the waistcoat a satin strawberry sash is tied, and the basques below are cut away to show the lace and flounces of the skirt.

A handsome reception dress has a skirt of hydrangea ottoman, edged with five ruches of cream lace.

Above is a second skirt of grenadine with broche pink flowers, falling straight, and slightly draped at the sides by Directoire rosettes made of pink chenille.

The corsage has round basques, and is cut out oval in front, but from the sides fall two pink surah draperies which cross in front, and the edges are then hidden in the soft full surah scarf.

A crescent piece is cut from each sleeve to leave bare the tip of the shoulder, this being filled in with pink surah for day wear. The sleeves reach the elbow, and are edged with lace.

Velvet will be used for trimming throughout the summer, in bands on the skirt and corsage, especially with plaid and chequered zephyrs, and flowered and many-colored cashmere chintzes.

A sash of ribbon velvet is also worn with them, tied loosely in front with long flowing ends.

The name trotteuse is still given to all costumes for morning wear, at least to those for outdoor purposes, and they are made, almost without exception, of fine cloth or light summer woolen fabrics.

For those who object to a whole costume of woolen material, velvet corsages are made, especially in the seal brown, green, blue, periwinkle, and navy-blue.

The skirts are simply pleated like a kilt, the edge of each pleat being cut however in deep saw-like scallops over a band of ottoman velvet, which gives a rich aspect to the severe cloth costume.

The back drapery is very simple, in the form of a sash bow, consisting of two loops and pointed ends merely hemmed and stitched; the tablier is looped by rosettes of ribbon.

The corsage is of ottoman velvet, with a straight upright collar clasped by a metal bird brooch.

Less stiff and lower collars are however much adopted with cloth dresses, both collar and sleeve revers being in every variety—the Valois collar, the Angot collar, revers a la Tallien, etc.

The Valois collar is always worn with a gigot sleeve, slashed with ottoman velvet.

Plain cloth is considered on the whole more elegant than plaids and chequers, especially if in pale colors; handsome morning costumes are made of them, trimmed with velvet of the same shade, if dark color, and with a darker shade if the cloth be in a pale or medium tint, such as canaque, periwinkle, crushed strawberry, and other new and fashionable colors.

Very large patterned plaids, in almost violently contrasting shades, are still very fashionable, and are much worn by elegantes of capricious taste, over skirts of ottoman.

One model has the plaid of immense size in reseda, grenat and brown on a milky amber ground.

The skirt is of brown ottoman, with very thick ribs, and is plain in front but deeply pleated at the sides and back. The tunic is of plaid, very elaborately draped.

The material is pleated into the waist, and forms a short pointed tablier, ornamented with three ribbon bows, one at the waist, one at the point of the tablier, and another on the under skirt, the ends reaching the edge of the skirt.

Two other bows drape the material upon the hips.

The originality of the whole toilette consists in the fact that the back drapery, though longer and much more full, is a copy of the tablier, forming however two points instead of one, each ornamented with a bow of ribbon.

The corsage is of brown ottoman, in the Directoire shape, with pleated postilion backs; like the skirt a wide pleat forms the centre, the pleats then turning right and left.

The large Directoire revers is covered with plaid, the parements being to match. The chapeau is of brown straw, with a high crown, the left side of the brim pressed closely to the face, and the right turned up and lined with brown ottoman. The crown is encircled with an ottoman drapery, and is trimmed with seven plaid silk pompons, and three golden thistles.

Fireside Chat.

LINEN EMBROIDERY.

SINCE linen embroidery has been revived with such zest, every worker hails with interest the smallest researches into ancient specimens.

Fragments of Scandinavian aprons and headdresses, of Russian bed furniture, and German napery, are seized upon for the lessons they teach in quaint patterns and stitches; and a study of the originals always yields some fresh suggestion.

A varied collection of this kind, lent by the Rev. Daniel Rock, of Aix-la-Chapelle, was recently on view at the South Kensington Museum London.

It embraced numerous chalice cloths, linen covers, embroidered handkerchiefs pieces of guipure and drawn work, besides sundry samplers of lace and fancy stitches. Curious were some of the specimens of darned work, the sacred lamb being, of course, the favorite pattern for the ecclesiastical linen.

This animal, with its accompanying leaves or scrolls, stood out on the cream, grey, or white flaxen texture, whereas the ground was covered with straight stitches of colored worsted or thread, varying in length as the outline demanded, and crossing the designs themselves by specks or dashes.

Thus, in one border, brown thread covered the foundation, and also darned the bodies of the stags by passing over 1 thread and under 12, producing twilled speckles on the right hand side.

In a similar way dark blue worsted completely hid the ground of another embroidery, and marked out the patterns by darning over 2 and under 8, while a third had the ornament worked in more closely by means of blocks of three stitches slipping over 3 threads and under 1.

Next to these examples of darned grounds we had also a few darned patterns suitable for reproduction on tea and sideboard cloth; exquisite, on a white linen square, was an insertion of stars in pink and green silk, inclosed, as well as divided, by two rows of diamonds in white cross-stitch. The edge consisted of two lines of drawn work, with dots worked on the intervening space.

A scroll strip, wholly in pink, was executed by darning over 4 and under 1, the color being so faint, and the silk so fine, that it had more the effect of weaving than needle tracery.

The workers of the past preferred elaborate stichery to smartness and show. How many of our own busy bees would care to expend their time on closely covered insertions of white cross-stich, on a white linen ground? and yet this style of work was to be met with more than once in this exhibition.

The examples of Holbein of Holbein work were chaste and simple; a small cambric squire boasted no other than an inch-wide border of the open square stitch wrought in brown silk, the corners being filled by spiked motifs, and the edge finished off by a kind of button-hole stitch lace in the silk, intermingled with silver thread.

Several other specimens combined the Holbein with the cross stitch, as is constantly done nowadays; a white linen cover displayed on its four corners vandykes of red cross stitch, traversed by little runners of Holbein stitch in metallic thread, overlaid by cross stitches in gold silk. The breaks between these points were filled in with German words in red, and the edge adorned by red buttonhole stitches, with spaced picots in yellow, red and gold thread knobs terminating the corners.

A second cover represented quaint flowers in Holbein stitch, with spaced crosses for the stalks, and eyelet holes capping the arms of the floral crosses occurring here and there.

An embroidered chalice veil of white linen attracted notice from the bright and varied arrangement of its floral border. In the angles shone sprays of pinks, respectively worked in pinkish, white, cream, and variegated reds; the central flower of the group stood erect, with tiny reeds or leaves springing on either side, together with pansies or smaller pinks, finished either by bulb roots or straggling rootlets, imitated in brown silk.

Filling up two of the sides were silvery-white and blue pomegranates, with golden green calyxes, and in alternation with them sprigs of colored lilies and primroses. Up the sides appeared sprays of polyanthuses, accompanied by four of field flowers.

Interesting as to design were two or three of the linen covers, notably an eccentric stork, with a cardinal hat and a ribbon encircling its body, both in brown knot stitches.

An outline of blue twist stitch defined the stork, the body of which was filled with white vandyke stitches, couched down at intervals.

Various lace stitches were introduced in the bold leaves which waved round the bird, marked out forcibly, if not tastefully by brown stitches wherever their under sides curled over.

Another peculiarity in ecclesiastical design was a linen cover, dated 1611, whereon ribbons of white network, marked off by brown couching, were carried across and across the ground, intersecting each other by a sort of block or square of interlacing.

In the heart of every diamond appeared crosses of white spiky stitches projecting beyond a circle of the same stitchery: the middle, being in brown, represented a tiny brown cross on a larger white one. In the middle of the cloth stood the sacred monogram of long white stitches, closely couched down.

A cheerful disposition of colors characterized a carpet pattern in ordinary cross stitch, worked with worsted and linen thread used double. The centre was ornamented by a spray of flowers, on a foundation of tent stitches, wrought in the white thread. This medallion was framed by arabesques in orange and black, set off by a dark green background.

Correspondence.

L. M. M., (Wheeling, Va.)—We cannot say.

F., (Housemond, Va.)—We know of no such firm.

P., (Helron, W. Va.)—In Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

ARTIE, (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—You should answer his letter.

M. W. B., (Winchester, Pa.)—Ask the opinion of a good doctor.

J. A. H., (Vernon, Miss.)—Do not have anything to do with them.

M. K. C., (Rock Hill, S. C.)—Their names are Humbert and Margarita.

S. W. T., (Crescent City, Cal.)—We do not understand your question.

JAMES C., (Belpre, Wash, O.)—See answer to Inquirer, Bellelsle, Pa.

M. A. H., (Lynchburg, Va.)—We know nothing of the history of the coin.

REGINA, (Paris, Texas.)—We do not at present need anything of the kind.

S. K. B., (Hannahan, N. C.)—Consult a physician about the child's ailment.

R. C. L., (Venango, Pa.)—They are not. We cannot give you the required address.

INQUIRER, (Bellelsle, Pa.)—Write to Lippincott & Co., Publishers, this city.

IDA G., (Castleberry.)—The stories are not and will not be published in book form.

R. R. B., JR., (Denver, Col.)—We have been unable to get the information asked for.

MRS. E. S., (Wanshard, Wis.)—The price will be $2.00. 2. We are fully supplied.

AGNES, (New Haven, Conn.)—Inquire in your own city at some of the leading shops.

F. B. T., (Chicago, Ill.)—We advise you to consult the young lady's parents without delay.

A. R., (Boston, Mass.)—They are characters in a story by Irving, a famous American writer.

C. L. M., (Solon, Iowa.)—Jenny Lind is still alive in England. Her married name is Goldschmidt.

SUB., (Sheverson, Ala.)—The nearest college of the kind we know of is 13th & Chestnut, Phila., Pa.

A. H. W., (Polk, O.)—You can get the answers to your question by looking up the facts in the Bible for yourselves.

DORA, (Wabash, Ind.)—There are books on the subject which you can get cheaply. Address Claxton & Co., Publishers, this city.

W. T. D., (Tangle, La.)—You have acted quite right. Do not answer his letter. Let him seek you out and make an explanation in person.

S. D. G., (Ford, Mich.)—We disapprove of mixed marriages. We think you had better give her up. Better misery for a while than possibly for a lifetime.

A. B., (Dresdon, O.)—The case is a strange one. Speak to your parents, or, preferably your minister. He will advise you much better than any stranger.

MAMIE, (St. Louis, Mo.)—There is no general rule. In some cases the material shows it, and in others there is no right side. It will hold good in double widths.

MRS. L. F., (Bush Hill, N. C.)—We answered your former inquiry, and gave all the information in our power. Consult the advertising columns of the POST.

STAGE, (Phila., Pa.)—We would advise you to weigh the matter well and consult your friends before making up your mind to go on the stage. To achieve histrionic fame requires rare natural gifts coupled with indomitable perseverance.

M. A. L., (Norristown, Pa.)—The young lady's cool conduct is probably caused by your not coming to the point, and asking her to be your wife. If you really love her and want her for your wife, tell her so, and you will doubtless see a satisfactory change in her manner.

VIC AND VAN, (Newton, N. J.)—Unless they are engaged we do not think it right. 2. We would drop her company at once. 3. No; he is too young to know his own mind. 4. The term might be applied to a great many. We do not remember to have ever seen it given to any one in particular.

S. H. T., (Summersville, Pa.)—The subject is one we have never studied, although science asserts, and gives instances of, such influence. 2. The treatment you speak of for the hair is the best we know of. If that does no good we can recommend nothing else. Shaving might be of some service.

T. E. M., (Toland, Conn.)—To keeps insects off birds, put the least bit of kerosene oil under each wing—say as much as remains on your little finger after you have left the drop fall off. Do this every ten days until all are removed. Clean the cage well every day; scour it in hot water; use borax, and but little soap.

WILLIAM, (Mason, Ill.)—In reply to your question "whether it is correct to say a man was hanged," we can only give the usage. In England great offenders are hanged; in this country and Canada they are hung. In England beef is hung, gates are hung, curtains are hung, but felons are hanged. In the United States and in Canada felons, beef, gates, and curtains are all treated in the same way—they are all hung.

FLORIE, (Logan, W. Va.)—The lines—

"The stern joy which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel,"

occur in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." It is spoken of Rhoderick Dhu and James Fitz James, as they were about getting into that deadly fight when

"Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then first, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed."